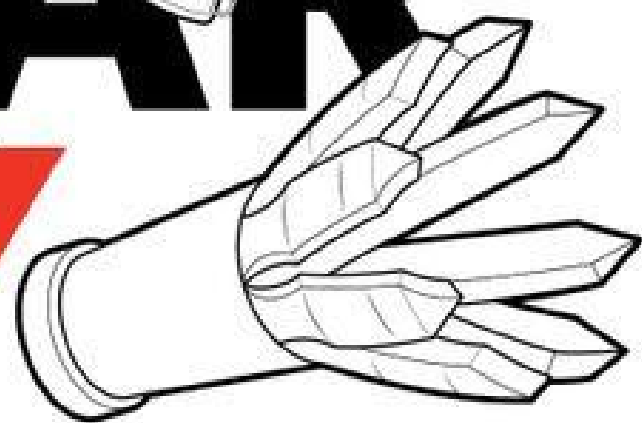
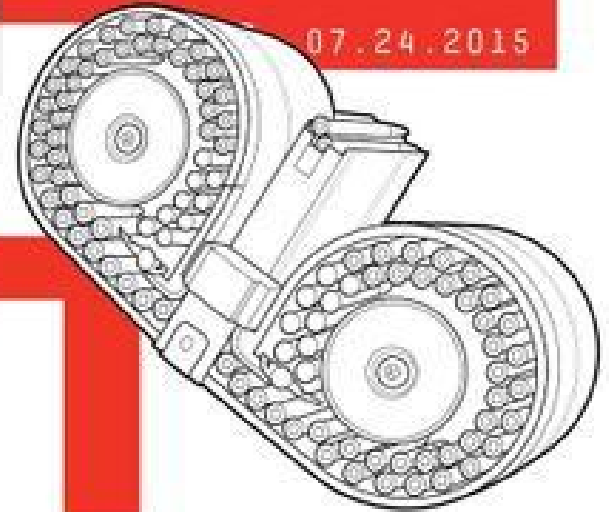


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**Newsweek**

07.24.2015

**YOU  
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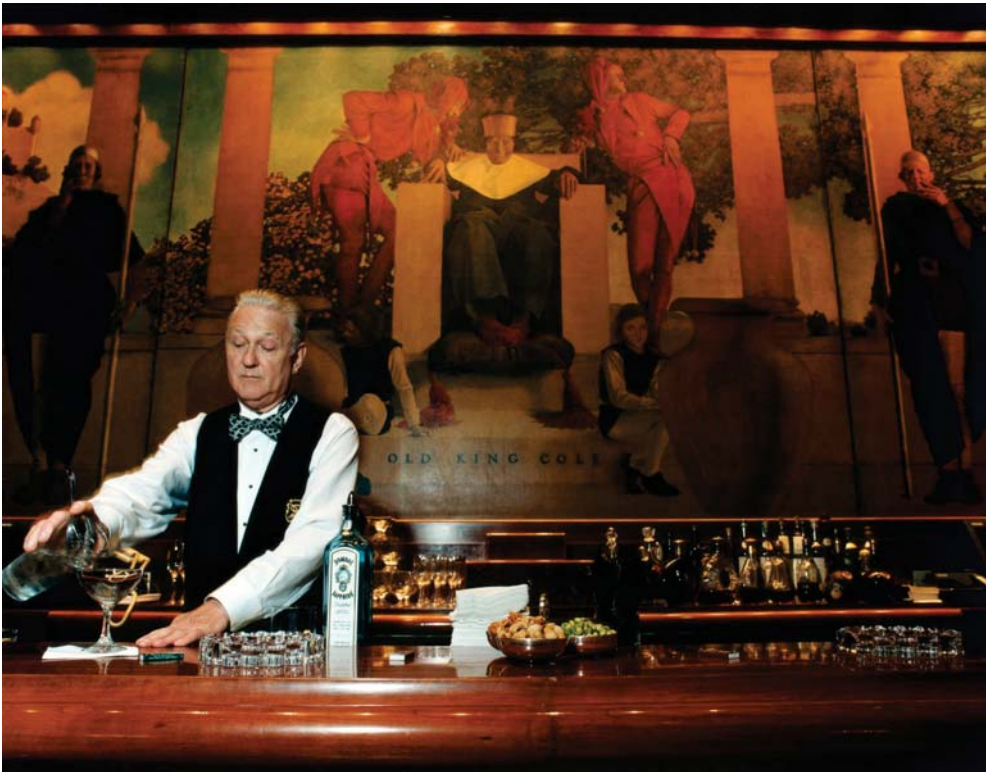
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*AMERICANS  
DON'T HAVE  
THE RIGHT  
TO BEAR  
JUST ANY  
ARMS*

There is an easy solution to America's arguments about gun control, but the childish extremists on both sides need to leave the room.

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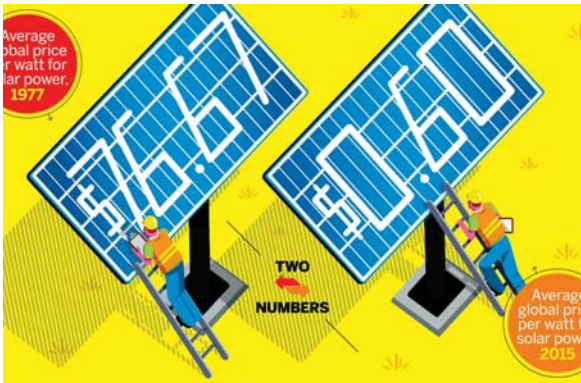
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A CENTURY  
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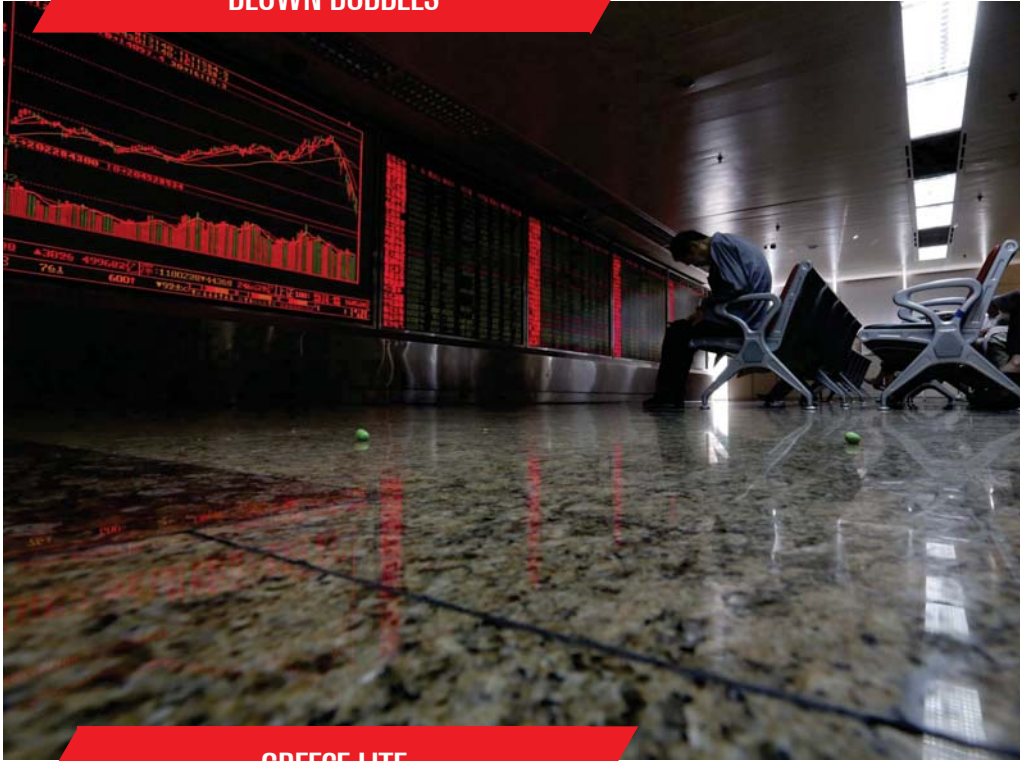


*LOVE IS BLIND,  
AND SO ARE  
THE COURTNEY  
LOVE HATERS*



BIG SHOTS

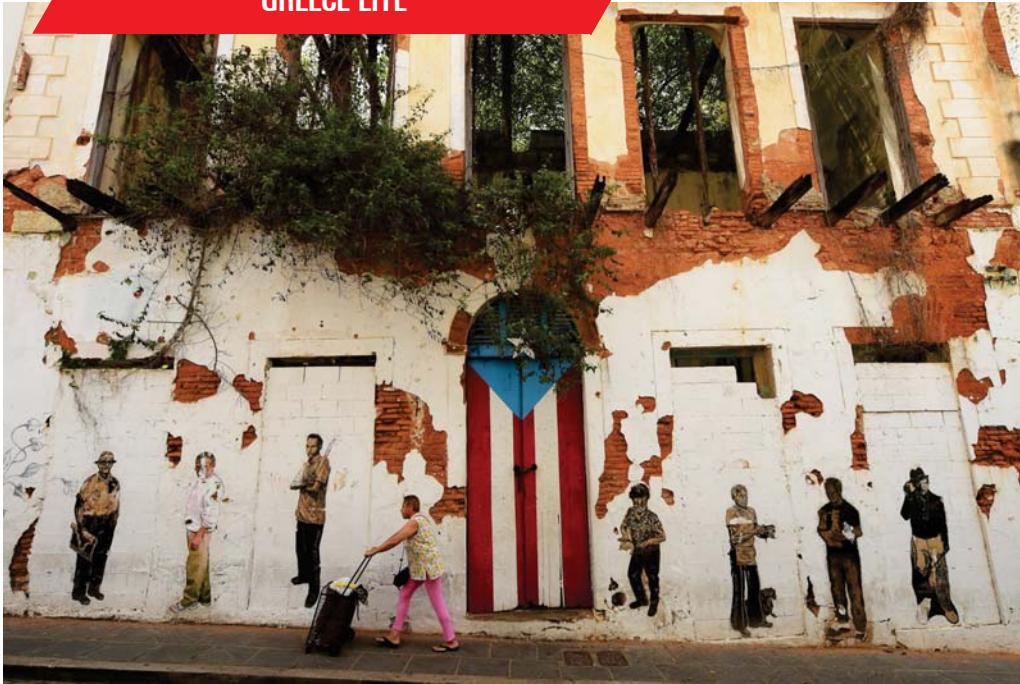
BLOWN BUBBLES



UNFLAGGING SUPPORT



GREECE LITE



SHOW OF HANDS







Elaine Thompson/AP

# *AMERICANS DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO BEAR JUST ANY ARMS*

**THERE IS AN EASY SOLUTION TO AMERICA'S  
ARGUMENTS ABOUT GUN CONTROL, BUT THE CHILDISH  
EXTREMISTS ON BOTH SIDES NEED TO LEAVE THE  
ROOM.**

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Let's start with an undeniable truth: In the United States, the people have the right to keep and bear arms. And let's then acknowledge that the childish interpretation of that constitutional amendment—that Americans have the right



to whatever accessory they can put on, in or over a gun for the sole purpose of making it more deadly—is a dangerous falsehood.

Therein lies the chasm between those seeking constitutionally impossible forms of gun control and their political opponents, who view every proposal regulating weaponry as the first step toward dictatorship. Caught in the middle are the majority of Americans who think people should be allowed to keep guns but seesaw over tougher laws regarding those weapons.

There is, however, a simple solution, a common-sense compromise that will infuriate both sets of extremists in the gun debate, but would place the United States on a saner path:

- Ban accessories that serve no purpose other than to transform guns into weapons of mass slaughter, such as attachable drums that carry 100 rounds.

- Adopt rules that make it harder for criminals and the mentally ill to obtain firearms.

- Outlaw the public display of weapons.

- Allow the concealed carry of guns using the “shall issue” standard.

- Stop trying to ban scary-looking add-ons that primarily protect the shooter, but don’t make the gun more dangerous to others.

- Forget attacks on the “armor-piercing bullets.”

- Abandon efforts to outlaw “assault weapons”—a politically loaded phrase with a mishmash of meanings that pretty much amount to nothing.

While any compromise is anathema to the absolutists, it will benefit the rational middle. “Gun control is more analogous to a tourniquet than a Band-Aid,” says Osha Gray Davidson, author of *Under Fire*, a history of the National Rifle Association. “Tourniquets save lives, and

so will a gun control policy based on balancing rights and responsibilities.”

### Related: Selling the Public on Guns

All gun control debates turn on interpretations of the Second Amendment, the worst written and most bizarre part of the Constitution. For example, did you know there are two Second Amendments, one passed by Congress and a variation ratified by the states and authenticated by Thomas Jefferson when he was secretary of state? Congress’s version—made up of syntactically nonsensical fragments—won the day in the courts, but both versions are grammatical nightmares. Congress’s version reads, “A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.” In the version authenticated by Jefferson, the first comma disappears, transforming the words to a more typical—yet still grammatically confusing—dependent clause followed by an independent clause. That might not sound like much of a difference, but under rules of written English, the words of the amendment used by the courts don’t make sense. The confusion has been so great that, in a major Supreme Court case, linguistics professors submitted a brief providing the justices with lessons on the punctuation and grammar.





*The best man in a wedding party, who all declined to be identified, holds an AR-10 rifle he was handed on the steps of the capitol before a rally nearby of gun-rights advocates protesting a new expanded gun background check law in Washington state, Dec. 13, 2014, in Olympia, Wash. The protest was called the 'I Will Not Comply' rally, and those attending said they will openly exchange firearms in opposition to the state's new voter-approved universal background check law. Credit: Elaine Thompson/AP*

Throughout the 20th century, that first clause has been argued about endlessly. In a 1939 case, *United States v. Miller*, the Supreme Court held that—because of the opening word fragments of the amendment—the right to weapons (in this case, sawed-off shotguns) had to be read in conjunction with the Militia Clause in Article 1, Section 8. The court wrote, “In the absence of any evidence tending to show that possession or use of a [sawed-off] shotgun...has some reasonable relationship to the preservation or efficiency of a well regulated militia, we cannot say that the Second Amendment guarantees the right to keep and bear such an instrument.”

In other words, gun owners in the United States had no right to buy, sell or possess any firearms unless those weapons were reasonably connected to a militia’s needs.

That remained the law of the land for decades. That is, until the District of Columbia overreached in 2001, and effectively banned handguns and required owners of firearms to keep them unloaded and disassembled. A lawsuit was filed, the District lost, and it appealed to the Supreme Court. In the landmark 2008 case, *District of Columbia v. Heller*, Justice Antonin Scalia ruled that the first clause of the Second Amendment could essentially be ignored. Despite the critical role those words played in the *Miller* decision, they did not, he argued, qualify the independent clause that followed. Rather, he opined, the words were a “prefatory clause,” something akin to a blare of trumpets to declare that a new right was about to be enumerated. “The former does not limit the latter grammatically, but rather announces a purpose,” Scalia wrote.



*Demonstrators, many armed with rifles and handguns, walk from the Capitol toward the Governor's Mansion during a rally by gun-rights advocates at the state capitol Saturday, Feb. 7, 2015, in Olympia, Wash. Approximately 50 demonstrators, including a half-dozen small children, protested rules that prohibit openly carrying guns into the House and Senate viewing galleries.* Credit: Elaine Thompson/AP

With that, only the independent clause—“the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed”—was deemed important. Gun controllers wailed and gun



enthusiasts cheered. But that was largely because few of them seemed to have read all of Scalia's opinion. As every first-year law school student knows, constitutional rights are not absolute. Newspapers stay in business thanks to the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech, but they cannot lawfully print child pornography. And citizens have no right to incite imminent violence. Similar restrictions apply to other constitutional rights—most have parameters designed to protect society.

Scalia clearly stated in *Heller* that the right to bear arms had boundaries. "Like most rights, the Second Amendment right is not unlimited," he wrote. "It is not a right to keep and carry any weapon whatsoever in any manner whatsoever and for whatever purpose." For example, he cited laws that prohibit the possession of firearms by felons and the mentally ill, or that forbid them in places such as schools and government buildings, or impose conditions on their sale. He also wrote that his decision did not overrule the holding in the 1939 *Miller* ruling that the sorts of weapons protected are those in common use at the time, and that the "historical tradition of prohibiting the carrying of dangerous and unusual weapons" was still permissible.

In other words, even one of the modern era's most conservative justices says gun enthusiasts are wrong when they claim that any limitation on firearms is unconstitutional. Government can place restrictions on firearms with the intent of protecting society.



*A demonstrator holding a sign that reads "Not One More" marches across the Brooklyn Bridge to call for tougher gun control laws, Saturday, June 14, 2014, in New York. The protest was underwritten by former New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg, one of the most visible gun control advocates in the U.S., and included relatives of some of those slain in the 2012 shooting rampage at Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Conn. Credit: John Minchillo/AP*

Which brings us back to gun accessories. Nowhere in Supreme Court precedent, or in the words of the founders, or in the Second Amendment (either of them) is there a right to attach stuff to a gun, including the add-ons that serve no purpose other than to kill as many people as possible as fast as possible.

Some of these accessories are largely unknown outside of the gun crowd, including such nonsensical devices as magazine drums that allow popular weapons such as the AR-15 rifle to fire up to 100 rounds without reloading.

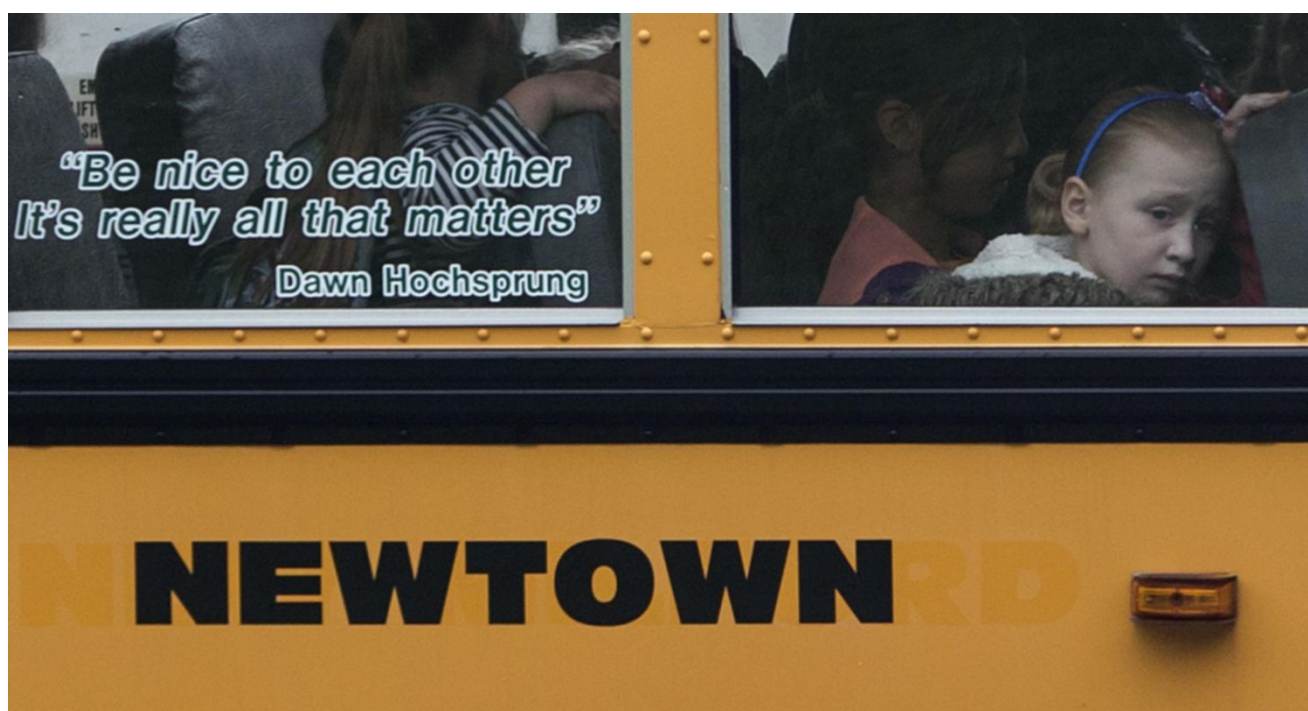
Why would any gun enthusiast need 100 rounds? James Holmes can tell you. Until July 20, 2012, Holmes was what the NRA would describe as a responsible gun owner. He legally owned a couple of Glock 22 pistols, a Smith & Wesson M&P15 semi-automatic rifle with a 100-round drum



magazine, a Remington 870 Express Tactical shotgun, 350 shotgun shells and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. Given all those purchases, his local gun club invited him to join.

Then, on that night in July, Holmes walked into an Aurora, Colorado, movie theater and started firing. He killed 12 people and injured 70 more. He got off 76 shots—65 from the semi-automatic rifle with the 100-round drum; he could have shot more if the drum hadn't jammed. In fact, Holmes told a court psychiatrist that he chose his weaponry in hopes that he would kill all 400 people in the theater.

High-capacity magazines have been the accessory of choice for most mass killers in the U.S. Adam Lanza, the shooter at Sandy Hook Elementary School who killed 20 children and six adults in 2012, used 30-round magazines. The accessory was also used in mass shootings at Columbine High School in 1999 and the military base at Fort Hood, Texas, in 2011.



*Students sit behind a quote by slain Sandy Hook Elementary School principal Dawn Hochsprung, displayed on the window of a school bus, as it approaches a stop near the original site of Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Connecticut June 14, 2013. Six months after a gunman massacred 26 children and adults at the elementary school, Newtown, Connecticut, marked the day with 26 seconds of silence and an expression of frustration at the stalled progress on gun control. Credit: Adrees Latif/Reuters*

The Law Center to Prevent Gun Violence reports that half of mass shooters use these magazines. Statistics compiled by the Violence Policy Center in Washington, D.C., show that just in the years Barack Obama has been president, there have been 14 deadly mass shootings involving high-capacity magazines, killing 125 people and wounding 153 more.

A ban on these devices would force a crazed shooter to reload more often, creating more chances for the innocent to get away or even attack the perpetrator. That's how the 2011 mass shooting in Tucson, Arizona, that killed six people and injured 16 others—including Congresswoman Gabrielle Giffords—was stopped: Once the shooter's 33-round magazine was empty, he was tackled while reloading.

Firearms enthusiasts claim these devices are needed because a panicky homeowner, facing armed criminals, would be more likely to miss his target and thus need the extra bullets. Which, of course, is the exact argument against having lots of armed people sitting in a movie theater or at a school ready to fire at a mass shooter: In an emergency, those would-be Rambos are more likely to miss the target and put innocent lives in danger. Rather than wasting money on larger magazines, perhaps gun owners need more target practice.

And no, outlawing these items isn't barred by the Second Amendment. In 2013, Sunnyvale, California, banned high-capacity magazines. The NRA sued in federal court, which—citing *Heller*—ruled these magazines “are hardly crucial for citizens to exercise their right to bear arms.” Thus, the court concluded, the potential right to a high-capacity magazine was outweighed—for the same reason the First Amendment doesn't protect bomb threats—by a strong government interest in public safety. An appeals court agreed and the Supreme Court refused to consider the issue further.



The same logic applies to other gun accessories that infringe too greatly on the government's ability to keep citizens safe. Silencers, for example. While they are subject to minimal federal regulation and already banned in 10 states, they are easily obtained and big sellers. There is no reason anyone outside of law enforcement or the military needs one except to kill people without attracting attention. Guns and accessories designed for no rational purpose other than to break the law—such as the weapons that can be made by a 3-D printer with material that won't set off metal detectors—should be forbidden.

Beyond accessories, other changes in gun laws are needed to accomplish what everyone in the debate agrees is a laudable goal: Keep firearms out of the hands of bad guys.

Unfortunately, the NRA has been working for years to make sure lunatics and felons can obtain guns as easily as possible. After the deadliest shooting in American history took place at Virginia Tech (32 dead), Congress passed the NICS Improvement Amendments Act of 2007. When introduced, the legislation called on states to submit mental-health records to national databases maintained by the FBI. The NRA declared this violated the Second Amendment and, through intense lobbying, limited the definition of mental illness only to people institutionalized or found by a court to be a danger. Even if a psychiatrist believed a patient posed a threat, nothing could be done to keep a gun out of that person's hand.



*A man takes a closer look at a gun during the NRA National Rifle Association 2013 Annual Meeting, held in Houston, Texas, May 2013. Over 550 exhibitors from some the most important firearm companies came to the show which drew thousands of gun consumers.* Credit: Fabio Cuttica/Contrasto/Redux

Then the NRA worked to weaken old rules barring the mentally ill from owning guns. In the past, because of concerns that an unbalanced person could relapse after treatment, the rules provided that anyone prohibited from having a gun for psychological reasons was banned forever. No more: Now a person committed to a mental hospital can, after getting out, petition a court for his guns. And by lobbying state legislatures, the NRA made sure psychiatric experts play a puny role in determining if a former mental patient should have a gun. Instead, in places like Idaho, state judges who are ill-equipped to make such a determination do it with no input from experts.

According to the NRA, every armed madman or criminal is a responsible, law-abiding good guy with a gun until the moment his first bullet splatters the walls with the brains and blood of innocent people.

So ignore the extremists. The only way to keep guns out of the hands of bad guys is to figure out who they are



before they get armed. That means universal background checks and record-keeping requirements for all firearms transactions. Under federal law, purchases from a licensed gun dealer require identification, and a form stating the buyer is purchasing it for himself and is not part of a group prohibited from obtaining a gun—felons, people under felony indictment, drug addicts, fugitives and the like. Then, after a background check (90 percent of them take a few minutes), the sale is complete. The dealer makes a record of the transaction and keeps it permanently.

That’s a wonderful system, and it is totally worthless in the real world, because almost half of all gun sales are private transactions that entail no procedural safeguards. No identification is required, there’s no background check, and no records are kept. This is wonderful for a criminal—or a psychopath. This is what gun opponents mistakenly refer to as the “gun show loophole,” but no such loophole exists. Private parties are allowed to sell at gun shows—and anywhere else.



*Attendees are encouraged to handle guns and get a feel for them at the NRA National Rifle Association 2013 Annual Meeting, held in Houston, Texas, May 2013. Credit: Fabio Cuttica/Contrasto/Redux*

That is why the laws on private sales are absurd. While the NRA “demands” that guns be kept out of the hands of criminals, it has always blocked the only means of doing so: universal background checks on private-party sales. Polls show overwhelming support for checks—as much as 92 percent in a Quinnipiac University poll from last year, including 86 percent of Republicans.

But first the background check process has to be tightened up across the board, as was made obvious in the case of Dylann Roof, the man arrested for the recent shooting spree in an African Methodist Episcopal church in Charleston, South Carolina. Roof obtained a .45-caliber pistol in April from a federally licensed gun dealer but never should have been able to. He was charged in February with possession of a prescription narcotic, which would have prohibited a dealer from selling him a firearm. Under the rules, the government had three days to check out Roof. Because of a mix-up, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was still trying to obtain his arrest record after the three days passed. While national gun dealers won’t sell weapons without FBI clearance, smaller stores are less careful. So Roof returned after the three days and, with no completed background check, bought his gun. The lesson? All gun transactions have to use the national chain standards and wait for the FBI’s OK.

The last compromise gun advocates should make is based on the words of that conservative hero, Ronald Reagan: “There is no reason why on the street today a citizen should be carrying a loaded weapon.” In his statement, issued as governor in May 1967, Reagan was referring to members of the Black Panther Party—Second Amendment absolutists—who walked into the California State House openly carrying rifles to protest a gun control bill.





*Armed members of the Black Panthers Party stand in the corridor of the capitol in Sacramento, May 2, 1967. They were protesting a Ronald Reagan championed bill before an Assembly committee that would restrict the carrying of arms in public. Credit: Walt Zeboski/AP*

Reagan's statement—directed at those Black Panthers publicly brandishing their weapons—should be no different when applied to gun zealots walking through a Chili's restaurant in San Antonio carrying long guns. Or the buffoon with an AR-15 loaded with a 100-round drum who last month walked around an Atlanta airport. Or the nitwit in Gulfport, Mississippi, who menaced shoppers at a Wal-Mart by loading and racking shells into a shotgun a few weeks ago, forcing an evacuation of the store. In all of these states, that near-sociopathic behavior was legal. But how can anyone tell whether these nincompoops parading around with their guns on display are merely acting like a 4-year-old proudly showing everyone his penis or constitute a deadly menace? Ask someone at the posh Omni Austin Hotel in Texas; earlier this month, a man walked around the lobby with a rifle, legally scaring people. Then he shot and killed someone.

In this great compromise, that is all the gun controllers get: a ban on high-capacity magazines and other slaughter accessories, universal background checks and a ban on the public display of weapons. That brings us to what gun enthusiasts should receive in the bargain.

First, anyone who wants to obtain a license to carry a concealed weapon should be given one. All states allow for concealed carry, but many states—like California, New Jersey and Maryland—have what are called “may issue” statutes, meaning people who qualify for a license might not be allowed to receive one. In some states, it’s up to county officials to decide who gets to carry a gun inside his or her coat. Here’s reality: A criminal or disturbed person will carry a concealed weapon, licensed or not. Under the universal background check system, anyone walking into a state office seeking a concealed carry permit has already been screened; there’s no reason to deny that person a license if he or she meets the additional requirements.

Then there are the gun accessories that have spooky names, but are mostly designed to protect the shooter. For example, flash suppressors have been outlawed on the belief they will be used to minimize the chance of spotting a shooter. That is a consequence of the device, not its purpose. In truth, the main reason flash suppressors exist is to disburse burning gases that exit the muzzle of a long-arm gun; this minimizes the chance that the shooter will be blinded in low-light environments. Danger to the public from this accessory: none.

Other accessories also pose minimal danger, and they protect or help gun owners. For example, the barrel shroud and the folding stock were banned in 1994, then legalized in 2003. Gun control advocates have been pushing for them to be declared illegal once again. The reasons are silly. The shroud cools the barrel of the gun, making sure it does not overheat during rapid firing. It is scary looking but doesn’t pose any realistic threat. A folding or collapsing stock is

used on a long gun and makes it easier to store or transport the weapon. These were outlawed out of a fear that killers would be able to hide their rifles; again, not a reasonable consideration in a world filled with semi-automatic pistols.



*Zach Stone of Poulsbo, Washington watches as gun rights advocates rally against background checks for gun sales, at the state capitol in Olympia, Washington December 13, 2014. Credit: Jason Redmond/Reuters*

It's also time to end this nonsense about "cop killer bullets." Although this topic has been debated since the late 1980s, there is still no accepted definition for this ammo. Earlier this year, though, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives proposed banning armor-piercing 5.56-millimeter M855 "green tip" rifle rounds as cop killers. Some gun owners use this bullet in big, heavy AR-15 pistols, so ATF decided that the M855 green tip posed a threat to police officers who wear body armor. Problem is, not only is this exceptionally popular rifle ammunition, but ATF can point to no instance in which an officer was shot through body armor by an M855. Faced with outrage by gun owners, ATF dropped the proposal. It should stay dropped.



And so should efforts to ban assault weapons. One fact few gun opponents seem to know: Assault weapons don't exist. There are assault rifles, but the broader category of weapons that were banned in 1994 and legalized in 2003 are a political construct. Again, many of them look scary because of the cosmetic features added by gun manufacturers. But the only thing that makes them more dangerous than any other weapon is the number of bullets they can shoot—an issue dealt with by a ban on high-capacity magazines. A 2004 report for the Justice Department showed that, prior to the ban, the firearms defined as “assault weapons” were used in as few as 2 percent and no more than 8 percent of all gun crimes; almost none of those cases involved assault rifles. However, high-capacity magazines accounted for between 14 percent and 26 percent of all gun crimes. In other words, when it comes to assault weapons, Americans should stop worrying about the guns and pay attention to the bullets.

There it is: a series of reasonable proposals with something to hate for everyone. But extremists on both sides will never get what they want—all guns everywhere or no guns anywhere. It is up to the rational middle—the vast majority of Americans—to tell the fanatics that the grown-ups are taking over.



Andrea Artz/laif/Redux

## *THE MAGIC OF NEW YORK HOTEL BARS*

**THE CLASSIC HOTEL BAR ISN'T A HOME AWAY FROM HOME; IT'S BETTER.**

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A trial lawyer was having a glass of wine with two companions inside the Regency Hotel, on a stretch of Park Avenue that is one of the last preserves of old money in Manhattan. It was February 2006. The bar was called The Library. While sitting there, the lawyer was approached by a radiant blonde who appeared to recognize him. They started flirting. It would be years before they stopped.



The lawyer was John Edwards, the North Carolina litigator turned U.S. senator; he was just beginning his second run for president. The woman was Rielle Hunter, who would become his campaign videographer. As his wife, Elizabeth Edwards fought and lost a battle against metastatic breast cancer, John Edwards and Hunter carried on an affair, eventually conceiving what the press would gleefully brand a “love child.”

Given the immolation of Edwards’s political career after the affair was made public, you could credibly say his downfall began when he and Hunter locked eyes in The Library. To many, the tryst neatly captured the venality of power, as well as the ancient tension between new lust and trusted love, which has crushed men far more principled than John Edwards.



*People drinking in a nightclub.* Credit: Blend Images/Getty

To me, the affair represented the magic of hotel bars. How romantic to meet someone in a hotel bar, to close the gap of anonymity that modern hotels engender, with their thousands of heads in hundreds of beds, the pervasive whoosh of air conditioners and elevators, the only yearning



common to all occupants a decent Wi-Fi connection. I imagine Edwards and Hunter both burnished by the glow of auburn light, warm from the bartender's generous pour, lost in the crowd's happy buzz. You can blame them for a lot, but you shouldn't blame them for that.

If an exculpation is in order, it is for the unimpeachable institution that is the hotel bar. At a good hotel bar, you can never quite be a regular, though you will never be anonymous, always wrapped in the catholic embrace of the hospitality business, perfectly sunny and comfortably impersonal. When left to my own devices, I might well find myself at the Waldorf Astoria's lobby bar, sipping on a manhattan, waiting for Frank Sinatra to slide onto the stool next to mine. It's not that I want to meet someone: In fact, I don't want to meet anyone at all. I want to be neither in the sardine-can crush of a club nor amidst the workaday regulars of the local pub, feigning a Cheers bonhomie. I want the gentle obscurity of a great hotel bar, where I can be just another New Yorker in a sea of Omahans and Parisians.

### **Related: [A Guide to New York City's Top Hotel Bars](#)**

There are thousands of places in New York to drink and millions of frazzled New Yorkers to drink in them. There are dive bars (quickly disappearing), as well as wine bars where you can pretend to know the difference between a nebbiolo and sangiovese. There are hipster bars, gay bars, hipster gay bars, sports bars, tiki bars, ironic tiki bars, ironic wine bars, speakeasies, ironic speakeasies, faux speakeasies, Irish pubs, gay Irish pubs and even a few places where you can just have a drink without needing a doctoral degree in cultural studies to fully appreciate the experience.

The hotel bar occupies a special place in this crowded pantheon. A truly democratic institution, it has no natural constituency, nobody to question whether you belong. Because it must potentially make itself available to several hundred guests of disparate origins, cultures and tastes, the bar is unlikely to aspire to the kind of hyperexclusivity

fostered by some of New York's finer drinkeries. Because, also, the hotel bar caters to people who do not spend their days monitoring the latest trends out of Brooklyn, they can presumably perfect the tried-and-true, instead of trying to ape the goat milk-and-rum punch of some avant-garde boîte in West Bushwick.



*Emily Bergl performs in the cabaret show "Kidding on the Square" at the Oak Room of The Algonquin Hotel in New York on Aug. 30, 2011. Credit: Benjamin Norman/The New York Times/Redux*

Still, with several hundred hotel bars in New York City, one is assured of nothing and could easily find himself drinking in a sanitized “lounge” full of cosmo-gulping tourists from Palookaville. And were this article to send an unsuspecting explorer from Oslo or Ohio into the frothing, bro-permeated cesspool that is the rooftop of the Gansevoort Hotel, the spilled Fireball on her skirt would be on my hands forever.

Then again, if one chooses carefully, she will discover that a certain type of hotel bar is the finest observation deck in New York City, without the wind gusts, tour groups or selfie sticks.

The kind of hotel bar I have in mind serves its drinks with a chaser of history, art and culture. The kind of place in which I can never afford to stay, except for the length of time it takes to finish a vodka martini (dirty and up, with just one olive). The kind of place where famous people have done infamous things.

These old hotel bars are splendid instead of fabulous, and some would have already been a tad old-fashioned in Don Draper's day. You are just as likely to get tipsy on the history as on the alcohol: Fernand Petiot inventing the bloody mary at the King Cole at the behest of a white Russian who wanted a version of a cocktail he'd once had in Paris; Ludwig Bemelmans painting his Madeline murals at the Carlyle, **on the very same walls that had watched Harry Truman and Jackie Kennedy take their libations (not together, of course)**. These are places where men wear suits, and if the bartenders wear suspenders, they do not wear them ironically, over lumberjack shirts. These are not the places where the Brooklyn kids go. I've been to some of those places. They always leave me craving a proper manhattan.

There are bars that have art in them and bars that are works of art. Few make that second cut: As far as hotel bars in New York go, only the **King Cole Bar and Salon** at the St. Regis and **Bemelmans Bar** at the Carlyle truly belong in this rarefied category. These aren't just rooms with paintings or sculptures, but masterpieces in their own right. If you need any more culture with your drink, fill a flask and head to MoMA.

The Carlyle is on a stretch of Madison Avenue crowded with dull, expensive stores. It is named after Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish philosopher who once called human existence "a hall of doom." Well, he clearly never stayed at his namesake hotel, nor had a drink at its signature bar, Bemelmans, which just might be the most effortlessly luxurious space in the city. If this be doom, then damn me for all time.





*The interior of Bemelmans Bar at The Carlyle Hotel, named in honor of and painted with illustrations inspired by the creator of the Madeline children's book series.* Credit: The Carlyle

To enter Bemelmans is to step into a children's book, albeit one where you can sip a tom collins. The bar is named after Ludwig Bemelmans, who set loose Madeline on the streets of Paris and in the imaginations of countless children. The walls are covered with his murals, depicting each of the four seasons in Central Park with a loose whimsy that is the hallmark of the Madeline series: a rabbit smoking a cigar, dogs taking tea. Naming the bar one of the best hotel spots in the city, **Forbes pointed out** that it is “reassuring to know that seeing images of an ice-skating elephant doesn’t mean you’ve been over-served.”

This is, to be sure, the Upper East Side of Louis Auchincloss and the Episcopalian ancien régime, where ambition is anathema and the sun is almost always over the yardarm. In the evenings, there is piano music; in the afternoons, soft jazz plays on the stereo, a silken blanket over the room's conversations. The ceiling is gold foil, while the banquets have the color of oxblood; after your second drink, you might well come to feel that you've found yourself in the most whimsically wrapped chocolate bar in the world. After your third, the notion of a big and cruel city somewhere out there will come to seem preposterous.

Drinking is, of course, the most adult of occupations, after sex and gardening. Come to think of it, Madeline is now old enough to belly up at Bemelmans herself.



*A highball cocktail on a table.* Credit: Daniel Reiter/STOCK4B/Getty

The King Cole at the St. Regis is less a refuge from reality than Bemelmans, but it arguably has the more famous work of art: Maxfield Parrish's 30-foot-long Old King Cole mural, hanging behind the bar and gleaming anew ever since a 2007 restoration that scrubbed the work free of nicotine and grime at a cost of \$100,000. That ain't cheap, but the St. Regis presidential suite runs about \$22,000 per night. Money has been spent on far worse endeavors.

Parrish painted the mural at the behest of John Jacob Astor IV for \$5,000 in 1906, for another hotel. The mural was moved to the St. Regis in 1932. Its original patron, who perished aboard the Titanic, is depicted as the king at the center of the mural, a classic Tuscan landscape behind him. But he is not portrayed with the adulation he might have expected: Some of his courtiers appear to be flummoxed, as you can discern while ordering the red snapper (the bar's name for a bloody mary, allegedly invented here). The cause

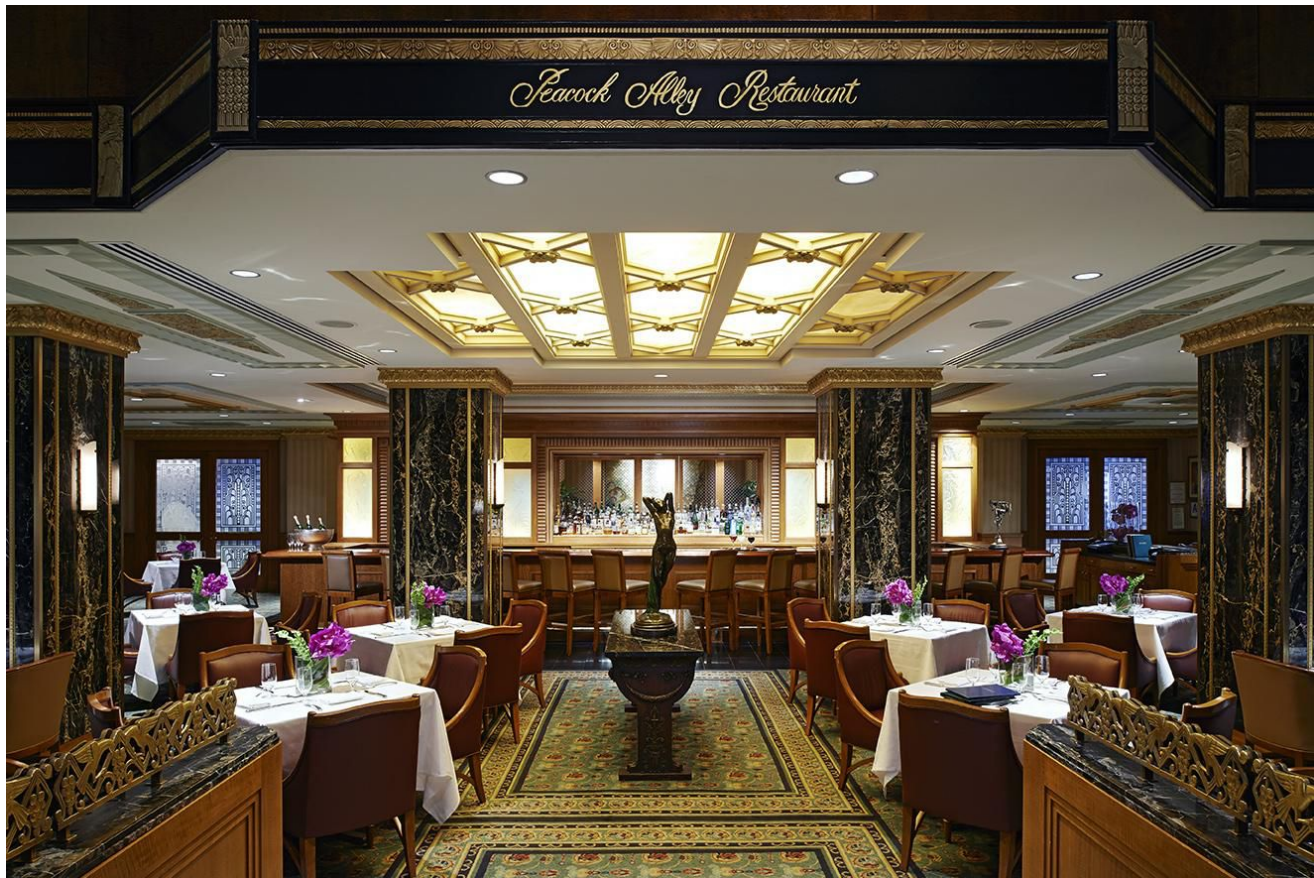
of their perturbation is Old King Cole's noisomely broken wind, which makes for the famous central joke of the King Cole mural. To drink at the gleaming wooden bar is to drink in the wake of Astor's epic fart. But you're drinking well, in one of the most exalted hotels in New York. Have another. The smell will pass.

Almost every great hotel in New York City is now part of some "collection," which is to say a transnational conglomerate based in Munich or Beijing. History rarely figures into the profit margins, and as the city's great hotels become submerged into vast hospitality chains, they become subject to the relentless corporate forces that won't rest until Manhattan looks exactly like Dubai, down to the Fendi outlets.

When the Waldorf Astoria was sold in the fall of 2014 to a shadowy Chinese concern for \$1.95 billion, **it became the most expensive hotel in the world**. With an investment like that, one surely expects returns, but the new owners, the Anbang Insurance Group, wisely allowed Hilton Worldwide to keep operating the hotel, and the Hiltons have wisely kept things as they are and have pretty much always been.

The Waldorf Astoria may be the most unabashedly regal hotel in the city, a 47-story bastion of art deco magnificence that has housed every president since Herbert Hoover—there's even a secret railroad that **FDR used to travel from Grand Central to the Waldorf, to avoid being seen in a wheelchair**. The hotel has an archivist and a fairly comprehensive history website where you might find oddities like **an image from a Robin Williams photo shoot at the hotel**, the actor reading a newspaper while a Mrs. Doubtfire look-alike hangs from a chandelier.





*The entrance to the Peacock Alley bar at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.* Credit: Waldorf Astoria

There are many places to drink within the Waldorf Astoria, and they are by no means equal. The hotel's palatial lobby has a restaurant, **Peacock Alley**, partitioned from the rest of the lobby but not immune to the noise of an endless procession of tourists. On a recent night, as I sat sipping a glass of port, a female pianist filled the room with gorgeous sound. Next to me pulled up a Midwestern-sounding tourist who said something about Instagramming his cocktail.

"It's very important to Instagram things," the bartender said with enough dryness for a proper martini. The Midwesterner, oblivious, continued, wondering how many tales of woe the bartender had heard over the years.

"I've heard more happy than sad," the bartender retorted. Can a place to drink have a finer endorsement?

For an altogether different sensation, traverse the length of the Waldorf Astoria, which spans an entire block of Manhattan, for the dark wood of the **Bull and Bear**, a reference to the vicissitudes of Wall Street and an acknowledgment of the powering force of capital. The Bull



and Bear, which was once known as the Men's Bar, has one of my favorite features: a bar placed at the center of the room, which locates the solitary diner-drinker, as I was that night, in the middle of the action. **One does not always want to drink with his back to his fellow man.**



*The interior of the Bull and Bear—named for Wall Street's alternating market shifts—at the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York. Credit: Waldorf Astoria*

Many bars around the city have tried to re-create what comes to the Bull and Bear so effortlessly. The hamburgers are solid, the cocktails are strong, and the servers are

sollicitous without ever lapsing into obsequy. There are surely more original places to drink in the city, but there are evenings, too, that call for wood and leather and uncomplicated arrangements of spirits. Rising from the center of the bar is a statue of the two animals for whom it is named. You are drinking in a temple to mammon. Tip generously.

The Hotel Algonquin is located just outside of the arrhythmic heart of Times Square, which has had more cosmetic surgery than a Hollywood C-lister eager for reality-TV glory. There was a time when the Algonquin needed no introduction, though it needs just a little today. From 1919 until 1929, it was the gathering place of the Vicious Circle, a group of wits and wags that included, most famously, the writer Dorothy Parker, playwright George Kaufman and New Yorker editor Harold Ross. But the good times didn't last; the Algonquin fell into the same decrepitude as the surrounding neighborhood, beginning its climb back only in the late aughts, after a renovation of many millions of dollars.





*Tables line a corridor in The Algonquin Hotel's Oak Room. The popular cabaret venue closed in 2012. Credit: The Algonquin Hotel*

In its attempts to appeal to moneyed tourists who might otherwise stay at the W, the Algonquin decided, among other efforts, to shutter its own Oak Room, “one of New York’s most loved cabaret spaces,” **as NPR deemed it**, once home to crooners like Diana Krall and Harry Connick Jr. Despite a petition signed by thousands, the Oak Room closed in 2012, converted into **what The New York Times**

called “a lounge as part of a rewards program for loyal guests.” Loyal Manhattanites would have to find somewhere else to go.

The hotel’s current social spaces suffer from a personality disorder, unsure of how thoroughly to allude to the past or reflect present tastes. The lobby rests in an easy old-fashioned comfort, recalling the early 20th century without falling down an ersatz rabbit hole. It is, in its own right, a fine place to sit for a drink or a meal, though lobbies being what they are, one forfeits all pretenses to privacy or, should one seek it, silence. (The Round Table restaurant is toward the back of that lobby.)

The hotel’s main drinking establishment, **the Blue Bar**, is illuminated by blue LEDs that glow from the walls and are embedded in the bar itself, making the whole place feel like a fishbowl. It is not a welcome sensation. The wood-paneled walls, the leather banquettes and the drawings by Al Hirschfeld, that great chronicler of Broadway, would make the place far more comfortable, if they weren’t always obscured in a bluish darkness. Instead, all you can see are the blue lights and the two televisions that hang threateningly behind the bar. **As the Times noted**, “A drink can be a touch less enjoyable with a commercial for Passages Malibu Addiction Center as a backdrop.” Ms. Parker would have surely had something to say about that.





*Drawings by illustrator Al Hirschfeld adorn the walls of the Blue Bar at The Algonquin Hotel in New York.* Credit: The Algonquin Hotel

The Jane Hotel has had an easier time than the Algonquin in climbing back from oblivion. Whether it has climbed somewhere desirable is a slightly more complicated question. The hotel stands at the southern edge of the Meatpacking District, whose face-lift has been dramatic and grotesque. This was once a place where animal meat was sold by day and human flesh by night. Today, those streets are traversed by tourists from Paris and Shanghai, hands full of shopping bags from Apple and doggie bags from Spice Market.

An old hotel for sailors that once housed Titanic survivors, the Jane Hotel precedes all that, harking back to the days when this was a working waterfront, when the only Italians here were dockworkers recently arrived from Palermo. It is a Victorian fortress with a single hexagonal tower at the joint of its two flanks, standing watch over the West Side Highway, presumably guarding against an invasion by New Jersey (too late, some say).



The Jane feels like much of the rest of Greenwich Village: restored almost to the point of kitsch. It would be a feat to write about the hotel without invoking Wes Anderson, so closely is it aligned with his quirky sensibility: palm fronds, wood paneling, stuffed animals, stuffed chairs, chandeliers. It is lavish, but also a little twee, somehow less than entirely grown-up, like many of Anderson's protagonists. You might take a younger sibling here; you probably wouldn't take an older one.



*The bar of the Jane Ballroom at The Jane Hotel in New York.* Credit: Jane Ballroom

Whether you actually manage to get into the **Jane Ballroom**, which looks like a count's mansion in the South of France, is another matter. It is two floors of plush, red-carpeted magnificence where celebrities are known to spend their late nights: **The bar has been called one of the foremost places in the city to spot those blessed with fame**, so I guess if your idea of a good time is trying to Instagram the Olsen twins doing Champagne Jell-O shots, do show up on a Saturday midnight.

I showed up on a Friday afternoon, to find the Jane Ballroom almost entirely empty, gloriously so, as if the usual starry occupants had fled, leaving us mortals to cavort at will. I found myself drawn to the Jane's front bar, far less luxurious but far more cozy than the ballroom into which it opens, a grotto of dark wood and warm light. A colleague and I spent a good hour talking about fatherhood, utterly uninterrupted. Scenesters humping velvet ropes, bouncers keeping the bridge-and-tunnel crowd at bay, DJs blasting the latest from Justin Bieber or Rihanna: This may be the Jane most people know, but it doesn't have to be that way. Come early, don't stay late, and don't spread the secret too far.

But not every place needs a renovation, an update, a reimagined cocktail menu. Which brings me to the Roger Smith, whose dusty facade looks to have had precious few cleanings since the days Travis Bickle wandered these streets, complaining about Manhattan's filth and decay. The vertical neon marquee that faces Lexington Avenue looks like an ancient appendage, a vestige in luminous green. The brick itself is of indeterminate color.



*The illuminated bar at Henry's, the rooftop bar of the Roger Smith hotel.* Credit: Roger Smith Hotel

But as with all great hotels, maybe all great buildings, the door of the Roger Smith is really just a cleverly concealed time machine. In this case, your trip is back to late-1980s Manhattan, a city of cheap rents and cheaper thrills, a place at once more serious and less uptight than the Manhattan of today. **Since 1987, the hotel has been owned independently by James Knowles**, a Yale- and Penn-educated sculptor who inherited the place from his father-in-law. His own sculptures occupy seemingly every inch of free space in the hotel, including the sidewalk outside, where one of two cylindrical works that stand like sentries on the stoop hides a charging station for Knowles's electric car. I was shown around the hotel by its art director, Danika Druttman, a young British woman who takes her job as seriously as any gallery curator in West Chelsea. She explained that Knowles's solution has always been to add instead of renovating, and the result is a kind of wonderful clutter, a rejoinder to all things sleek and neutered.



Lily's, the ground floor bar at the Roger Smith, is small, and you could easily miss it. I hope you don't. The large windows offer a panorama of Lexington Avenue, where workers endlessly hurry to and fro; you can sit there reading faces for hours. The walls are a lush cranberry red, painted in places with garish designs, while the bar is decorated with a multicolored collage. The whole thing gives the impression that Jean-Michel Basquiat had a run of the place for one delicious afternoon.

The bar is sparse, almost comically so. But there is something refreshing about that. Do I really need to choose from 17 small-batch bourbons every time I order a manhattan? Am I a philistine for sometimes craving a Yuengling? In a Manhattan more moneyed by the year, Lily's harks back to a city still dirty and dangerous enough for artists to make their way here. And it subtly complicates our narrative of progress, our assurances to ourselves that, by every measurable metric, the city of 2015 is infinitely superior to the city of 1985. Sitting at Lily's with a bottle of domestic beer, I am not so sure.

Don't bother telling me what I have left out on this tour, for I know that I have left out plenty. Setting aside my historical preferences, I could mention the Breslin at the Ace Hotel and the Library at the NoMad, classy newish joints that cater to a younger, less fusty crowd that knows a thing about artisanal bitters and heritage breeds of pork. There's the beer garden at The Standard, the rooftop at the Wythe in Brooklyn (yes, there are now hotels in Brooklyn), and so many others that deserve mention. One could spend his or her life moving from New York hotel to New York hotel: a tryst with a Norwegian, a drink with a Nebraskan. Someone would need to fund the profligate enterprise. Isn't that why they have Kickstarter?



*Bar patrons drink at the Jane Ballroom, inside The Jane Hotel in New York, on Sept. 29, 2009. Credit: Joshua Bright/The New York Times/Redux*

But my favorite hotel-related spot in Manhattan is, in fact, not in a hotel at all. It is at the end of a subway platform in Times Square, a plain white door, above which is artfully engraved a single word: “Knickerbocker.” There is no explanation, though one gets the sense that this is far more than just some obsolete subway signage.

In fact, the door used to lead to the Knickerbocker Hotel, built in 1906 by John Jacob Astor IV and the original home to Parrish’s famous mural now ensconced at the St. Regis. The door led to a passage “furnished with settees and decorated with heraldic banners,” which in turn led into one of the city’s most sumptuous prewar hotels. Later, the building became the offices Newsweek, making for what were surely the magazine’s most comfortable quarters (not that I begrudge my current cubicle in lower Manhattan). Later yet, the hotel fell into disrepair, like so much of the rest of the city. The passageway was sealed against the desperate souls who sought a variety of nefarious pleasures in the city’s underground, if not a place to simply sleep.

Recently, the Knickerbocker opened once again. **The renovation reportedly cost \$240 million**, but if tourists open their wallets for \$300-per-night rooms, the investors should be just fine. The new Knick, calling itself a “luxury lifestyle hotel,” has a restaurant by the well-known chef Charlie Palmer, while the breakfast caddy features a USB charging port, according to the hotel’s website. Your battery full, you won’t miss a single tweet.

The Knickerbocker passage is still closed, though perhaps not forever, for we lovers of New York history are more numerous than developers and politicians usually suppose. For now, the Knick can be proud of the best new work of hotel art in the city, **a sumptuous black-and-white mini-mural by the Queens-born artist and writer Molly Crabapple**, which stands at the entrance to the Knick’s rooftop bar, high above the endlessly roiling pit of Times Square. Boschian in its richness, the mural chronicles choice moments from the history of the Knickerbocker: the trade of Babe Ruth from the Red Sox to the Yankees, the regular gatherings of Tammany Hall machers and crooks, the drunken antics of Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald, the arrival in 1908 of Oliver Fritchle, who made the trek from Nebraska in an electric car. How refreshing it must have been, for intrepid Oliver, to pull up at the Knick and emerge from the monthlong journey, knowing that a drink awaited him inside.





Bebeto Matthews/AP

# *AMERICA'S SECRET BANJO DIPLOMACY WITH IRAN*

**NOW THAT THEY'VE AGREED TO A NUCLEAR DEAL,  
CAN ART, SPORTS AND SCIENCE HELP CREATE A THAW  
BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND TEHRAN?**

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Owensboro, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio River, is a town best known for its barbecue, bourbon and bluegrass—not to mention native son Johnny Depp. Every year, the town hosts a variety of food and music festivals. But in May 2009, a different sort of attraction arrived in Owensboro:

The Obama administration quietly brought in a group of Iranian musicians to learn about American folk music.

It was a small diplomatic gesture, but one the White House hoped would help ease tensions between the U.S. and Iran, two longtime foes. It wasn't without risk. Hard-liners on both sides often view any dialogue with suspicion, and in the lead-up to the Iranians' visit to the town's International Bluegrass Music Museum, American security officials swore the staff to secrecy. If word leaked, some worried that protests might erupt in the U.S. or Iran.

On that festive afternoon in May, however, the only thing that erupted was applause, recalls Gabrielle Gray, the museum's executive director at the time. As a five-piece American bluegrass string band performed, some of the Iranians joined in. Sarah Ahmadi, a fully veiled singer, beat a large Persian tambourine, called a daf, occasionally throwing it in the air and ululating. One of the Iranian men picked up the tune on his three-stringed setar. Later, as the bluegrass band played another song, the two groups seamlessly alternated verses, the Americans singing in English, the Iranians in Persian. When the music stopped, the performers embraced. Some of them cried. "Music," Gray says, "is the sweetest diplomatic language."

Unlike the Nixon-era Ping-Pong diplomacy with China, cultural exchanges between Washington and Tehran have largely been kept out of the spotlight. But over the past 17 years, Iranian athletes, scientists and artists have quietly arrived in the U.S. for cultural programs funded by the State Department and organized by nongovernmental organizations. U.S. officials are still reluctant to talk about Washington's involvement, fearing diplomatic repercussions. But a leaked State Department document shows that last year 61 Iranians visited the United States on such excursions.

Small groups of Americans have traveled to Iran as well, sharing ideas and even collaborating in such fields



as environmental protection, astronomy and health care. And now that the two sides have agreed to **a historic deal** to contain Iran's nuclear program, some say these cultural exchanges are helping pave the way for the next step toward easing more than three decades of mutual suspicion and hostility.

“These exchanges are just as powerful as any weapon system we sell to the Arab world, if not more,” says retired Ambassador Richard LeBaron, now a senior fellow at the **Atlantic Council**, a Washington-based think tank. “As the [Iranian] conservatives argue against the [nuclear] accord, the buildup of civil society in Iran through exchanges creates a constituency that can push back against them.”

The same may be true on the American side. “Most Americans know very little about Iran,” says Barbara Slavin, an expert on Iran and the author of the book **Bitter Friends, Bosom Enemies**. “It's important for them to see that Iran is not all Revolutionary Guards and human rights abuses.”



*Iranian musicians perform during a ceremony to mark the Fourth National Anniversary of Nuclear Technology, in Tehran April 9, 2010. Credit:*

Morteza Nikoubazl/Reuters



Before the 1979 revolution, Americans traveled to Iran frequently. They conducted business, built hospitals and trained the country's farmers, while some 50,000 Iranians studied at American universities. At the time, the two countries were allies, as Washington depended on Iran's American-trained military to keep the Soviets out of the region. But the U.S. severed its ties with Tehran in 1980 after radical students stormed the U.S. Embassy and held 52 American diplomats **hostage**. From then on, for most Americans, the country became synonymous with terrorism and Islamic extremism.

In 1996, a group of former officials from both countries gathered at a secluded lakefront resort in Sweden to find a way to mend the broken relationship. There were plenty of reasons for optimism. Bill Clinton was in the Oval Office, and his moderate counterpart in Iran, President Mohammad Khatami, also seemed open to a thaw. Despite two years of intermittent meetings, neither side could convince their governments that reconciliation was possible. But the two countries agreed that person-to-person exchanges could serve as a first step.

In February 1998, at Khatami's invitation, a team of American wrestlers arrived in Tehran to compete in an international tournament. The Americans marched into an Iranian sports arena holding an American flag—an object normally reserved for burning in the Islamic Republic. “That was quite a breakthrough,” recalls John Marks, a former American diplomat and founder of Search for Common Ground, the nonprofit that helped arrange the event.

Since then, American and Iranian wrestlers have **competed** in both countries more than a dozen times, and similar exchanges have occurred between athletes and professionals in other fields. American and Iranian environmentalists now meet to discuss remedies for droughts and water shortages, while doctors, business leaders and clergymen attend each other's conferences. One of the

most moving exchanges occurred in August 1999, when the astronaut Rusty Schweickart led a group of American astronomers to Isfahan, a city in central Iran, so they could study a solar eclipse. William Miller, a retired U.S. diplomat who accompanied the group, recalls how Bakhtiari tribesmen played music as the sky darkened and the birds stopped singing. When the sun emerged, Iranians and Americans rejoiced together, Miller says.

In 2005, after Iran **elected** President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, tensions escalated, and it became harder for Americans to obtain travel visas to Iran. But Ahmadinejad didn't stand in the way of Iranians traveling to the U.S. for professional and academic conferences. In 2006, the **National Academy of Sciences** assumed a leading role in these visits, bringing over Iranian experts in such fields as archaeology and zoology. "Iranian scientists are considered very high quality," says Glenn Schweitzer, who directs the Academy of Sciences's Iran programs. "We saw Iran's isolation as an example of the global community being denied access to the talents of a country."

Those talents led Mississippi officials to adopt an Iranian system for providing health care to rural areas. The project grew out of a paper an Iranian doctor delivered at a medical conference in 2004 in Germany, outlining the success of Iran's 17,000 rural health clinics. An American medical consultant attending the conference realized the Iranian system might work in Mississippi. Soon Shiraz University in Iran and Jackson State University in Mississippi formed an academic partnership. Today, with a grant from UnitedHealthcare, the Americans are now hoping to build Iranian-style health houses across the Mississippi Delta. "The Iranians have stuff they can teach us," says Slavin, an Iran analyst at the Atlantic Council. "The idea of these exchanges is that they learn something, but we learn something too."

Now that the two sides have agreed to **a nuclear deal**, private organizations are lining up more exchanges between the two countries, says Jennifer Clinton, president of **Global Ties U.S.**, a Washington-based nonprofit that helps administer international exchange programs. “We’re already seeing an uptick,” she tells Newsweek. Yet some experts say the growth of these cultural exchanges could remain limited. American lawmakers, they say, would need to permanently lift the sanctions that rule out any exchanges with military or economic applications—a prospect that seems far off.

Other experts aren’t convinced the Obama administration fully appreciates the potential of person-to-person diplomacy to help the U.S. and Iran eventually restore full diplomatic relations. “The State Department can get out there and defend these exchanges and take them seriously as an instrument of national power and influence,” says LeBaron, the former diplomat. “That’s an approach we’ve never quite taken.”

If the administration needs further convincing about the power of person-to-person exchanges, it might consider an email that the veiled Iranian singer sent to a member of the Owensboro bluegrass band a few months after her visit to Kentucky. “Dear friend,” she wrote in English. “This is Sara Ahmadi, the player of an Iranian percussion daf who had a chance of being in the U.S. about two months ago. I hope you still remember me. I think when I was there, I had the best time of my life.”





Samantha Sais/The New York Times/Redux

# *PRESIDENT OBAMA'S BORDER DISORDER*

**THE WHITE HOUSE'S CONTRADICTIONARY POLICIES—  
DETENTION CAMPS AND QUASI-AMNESTY—ARE UNDER  
FIRE IN THE COURTS.**

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On July 10, the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans heard legal arguments over President Barack Obama's controversial November executive order to delay the deportation of undocumented immigrants. As with most high-profile cases, the spinning began as soon as the court adjourned. U.S. Representative Joaquin Castro, D-Texas,

was on the phone with reporters touting the benefits of keeping those immigrants in the country. He noted that many of the undocumented aliens brought to the U.S. as children **thrived** after Obama deferred their deportation and granted them work permits via a previous executive order, in 2012.

It's an economic rationale that strikes directly at the arguments laid out that day by the lawyers representing 26 Republican-led states, who sued the federal government late last year to block the second round of deferrals. That, the states argue, will place an undue financial burden on them.

Obama can't always count on his own party to have his back on immigration, though. Only a few weeks ago, that young San Antonio-area congressman (who, to make matters more confusing, is the twin brother of Housing and Urban Development Secretary Julian Castro) was speaking out against Obama immigration policies, albeit different ones. Congressman Castro had just visited two U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement detention centers (or "prison camps," as Illinois Representative Luis Gutiérrez describes them) holding thousands of Central American women and children who had crossed the border in the past year, seeking asylum from the violence choking the region. Castro warned that "people's lives are literally on the line."

Castro and fellow Democrats have been urging the White House to shut down two detention centers in Texas and one in Pennsylvania. There's also a lawsuit, filed in a U.S. District Court in California, to shut down those three facilities. The judge there has ordered the government to negotiate a resolution with the plaintiffs, with an agreement due in mid-July.

Such are the politics of immigration in America. Major chunks of Obama's immigration policy are being attacked by both the left and the right, which includes Donald Trump, whose blunt comments on Mexicans have caused business difficulties for him but boosted his polling in a muddled field of Republican presidential candidates.



The two court battles underscore the White House's own contradictions on illegal immigration. Its lawyers are fighting to block detention and deportation of family members in the case of millions of (mostly Mexican) immigrants who've been in the country for some time, while arguing that those same actions are necessary for the Central Americans who've recently crossed the border. This smoldering mess is not all Obama's fault: He's been stymied by a Congress that has stalled comprehensive immigration reform, and now his latest attempt to change the status quo through executive power is sputtering.

And the latest rhetoric about immigration is bordering on hysteria, with Trump tossing off incendiary quotes and stories about the **murder of a young San Francisco woman** by an undocumented alien running constantly on Fox News. That's not a promising environment for a president trying to make progress, even a little bit, on immigration reform before he leaves office next year.

Back in November, immigrant rights groups didn't get much of a chance to celebrate Obama's post-election executive order with the ungainly name: the Deferred Action for Parents of Americans and Lawful Permanent Residents, or DAPA. It was a bold move to shield 4 million-plus undocumented immigrants from deportation. Within weeks, more than a dozen Republican states had filed a lawsuit. By February, a Texas circuit court judge ordered an injunction, barring the administration from carrying the order out. The court date in New Orleans was to hear the federal government's appeal.

Liberals and immigrant rights advocates are standing with the Obama administration as the DAPA case winds through the courts, even as they fight him on another front. Family detention, part of the White House's response to the surge in Central American migrants during the summer of 2014, has become a flash point. The flood of unaccompanied minors and mothers with small children, most seeking



asylum from violence back home, overwhelmed border guards and customs officials. The administration's somewhat panicked response was to reinstate a policy Obama had halted when he first came to office: locking up families.

Detention of people entering illegally, with or without children, has been a cornerstone of Obama's approach to illegal immigration from the start, however. A [report released in May](#) by the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops and the Center for Migration Studies noted that annual immigrant detention numbers have reached record levels under this administration. Since 1995, that number has more than quintupled, from roughly 85,000 people to 440,557 in 2013. But locking up families was a PR nightmare for the White House, with its Hispanic base and allies on Capitol Hill like Representative Castro.

The backlash to all these detentions and deportations has been building, however, and the White House has started making changes. As part of its big DAPA immigration announcement in November, the Obama administration also announced a new policy: "[T]hose who entered illegally prior to January 1, 2014, who never disobeyed a prior order of removal and were never convicted of a serious offense will not be priorities for removal," the Department of Homeland Security [notes on its website](#).

And soon after Castro and seven other Democratic lawmakers visited the detention facilities, Homeland Security Secretary Jeh Johnson [issued a statement](#) promising reforms. Then, on July 13th, the Homeland Security Department announced it was beginning to release detained women and children who are eligible for U.S. asylum. In a statement, the department said that, "Going forward, ICE will generally not detain mothers with children, absent a threat to public safety or national security," as long as they meet the criteria for asylum and

have a residential address they can stay at, instead of the detention center.

Activists are embracing that step, but they want more—they don't want any families locked up regardless of whether they're eligible for asylum or not. That's what they're fighting for in a District Court case, *Flores v. Holder*, playing out in Los Angeles. U.S. District Judge Dolly Gee issued a confidential tentative ruling in April, **obtained by the McClatchy Co.**, that was highly critical of the administration's policy. She ordered the government to negotiate a resolution with the lawyers for the detained women that met the legal standards she outlined. The results of those negotiations, which have been under gag order, are expected to be presented to the court in mid-July.

Regardless of how it's resolved, Obama's family detention headache is likely to linger. Judy Rabinovitz, director of detention and federal enforcement programs at the American Civil Liberties Union's (ACLU) Immigrants' Rights Project, says the government may continue to fight the release of some mothers being held in the camps, even if forced to release their children. The existing law doesn't extend to the mothers directly, Rabinovitz points out. Then the question becomes: "Can they separate mothers and children?"

One Democratic congressman says the administration's hard line on the Central American immigrants surge is strategic: The White House hoped it would buy some breathing room on its executive orders benefiting undocumented immigrants who have already been in the country for years. In a 2014 meeting at the White House, the president basically said the administration had to be "tough on these new arrivals," the congressman says. "That was kind of the trade-off." The White House denies that.

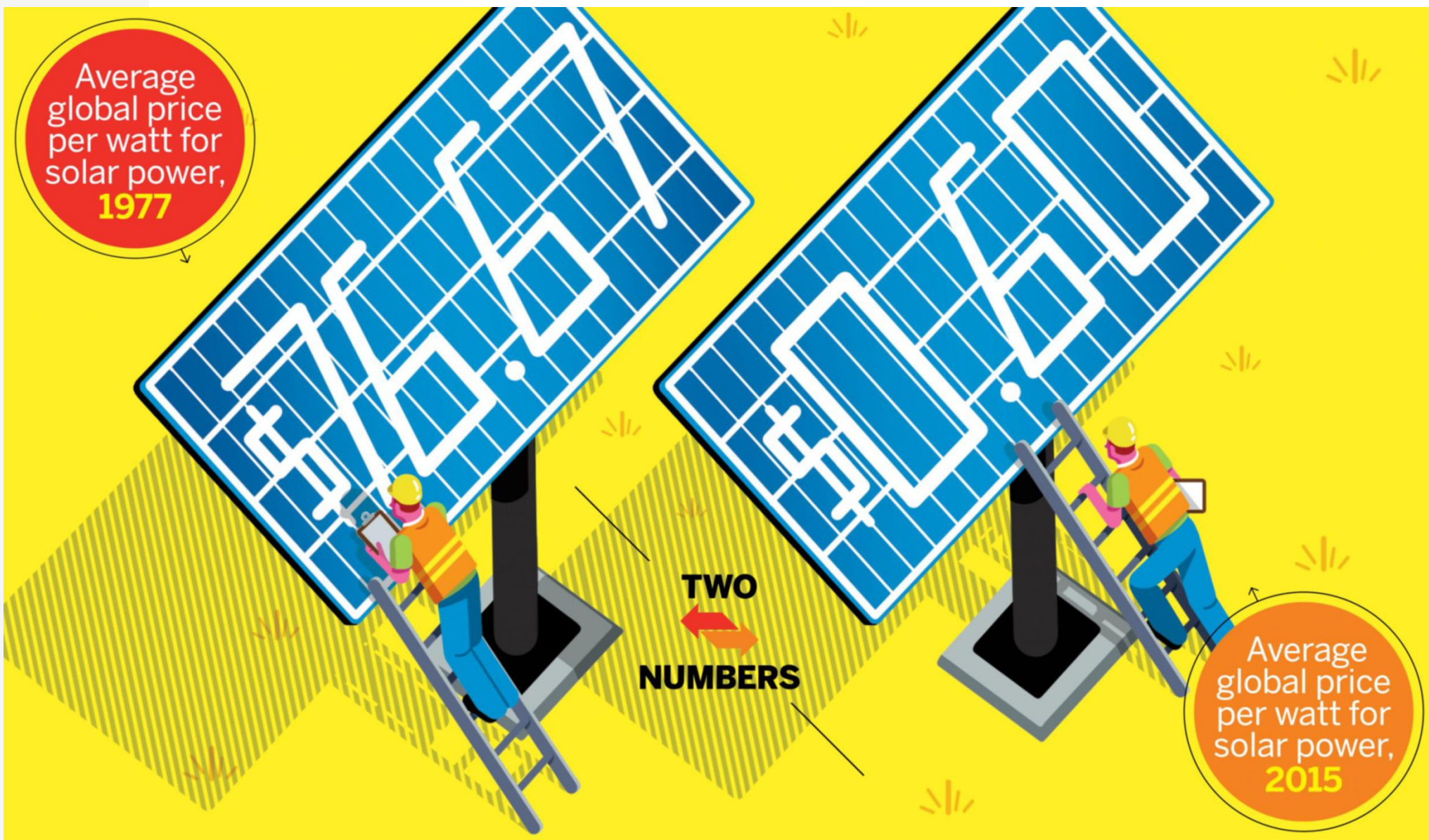
Either way, it doesn't seem to have worked. Obama still has few friends among the "build the damn fence" set. One of the administration's chief Republican critics on this issue,

Alabama Senator Jeff Sessions, blames Obama for the influx of Central American migrants that gave birth to renewed family detention. The surge of border crossers last summer is “a perfect example of the flawed fundamentals of the policy,” Sessions tells Newsweek. “For months, the concern was always about how to help families coming unlawfully.” Instead, Sessions says, the president should have sent a clear message at the beginning: “Please do not come with your children. This is going to be a disaster.”

The former Alabama prosecutor is also one of the Republicans linking the administration’s alleged leniency to the **July 1 fatal shooting in San Francisco** that’s drawn a stream of headlines. Undocumented immigrant Juan Francisco Lopez-Sanchez shot Kathryn Steinle after he was released from a San Francisco jail in April. He’d been deported five times, but San Francisco is a “sanctuary city,” meaning it has snubbed the feds on immigration enforcement. Critics have eviscerated the administration for not cracking down on sanctuary cities.

Immigrant rights advocates say the San Francisco slaying shouldn’t be held up as a rationale for sweeping more people into the American legal system, despite Trump’s bombast about Mexico exporting its criminals. They argue, instead, that it shows the need for systemic reform—something House Republicans blocked in 2013. And that truly is the root of all the legal knots, the finger-pointing and now the hand-wringing over sanctuary cities. The failure to overhaul America’s immigration laws has left the Obama White House with contradictory policies, executive actions blunted by courts and no one happy, from the ACLU to Fox News pundits. Of all the manifold issues the next president will inherit, this may be the deepest policy morass of all.





The James Walton

# *TWO NUMBERS: SOLAR ENERGY'S PRICE DROP, AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, COULD HELP SAVE THE PLANET*

**IF SAVING THE PLANET DOESN'T MAKE YOU SWITCH TO SOLAR, MAYBE THE PRICE WILL.**

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Earlier this month, the White House **announced** the launch of a series of measures intended to make solar power

more accessible to low- and middle-income households. Brian Deese, senior adviser to President Barack Obama on climate, said the administration aims to “deploy low-cost solar energy in every community in the country.”

Ten or 15 years ago, that would have been unthinkable, because solar was too expensive. But the price in the U.S. has dropped precipitously in recent years. According to the National Renewable Energy Laboratory of the U.S. Department of Energy, the cost of installing solar panels on the average home has **plummeted 70 percent** since 1998, from nearly \$86,000 for a 5-kilowatt installation (the average residential solar array) to just \$26,000 in 2014.

That translates to a massive drop in per-month energy costs. In 1977, the average global price of generating electricity from sunshine was \$76.67 a watt. Now, 38 years later, it’s just 60 cents watt. That compares pretty favorably with the average retail price of electricity in the U.S., which is \$1.26 a watt, **according to the U.S. Energy Information Administration.**

To date, solar energy still makes up just a small percentage of total U.S. consumption. The **Institute for Energy Research says** that solar is just 0.4 percent, compared with 35.4 percent for petroleum and 28 percent for natural gas, for example. Even wind energy, at 1.8 percent, dwarfs solar.

That might be because American solar remains significantly pricier than solar power in the rest of the world, partly due to U.S. tariffs on Chinese and Taiwanese solar products, where the cheapest panels are made. However, earlier this month, Jim Hughes, CEO of New York–based First Solar, predicted the U.S. will be down to \$1 per watt solar by 2017, three years ahead of the U.S. Department of Energy’s goal.

Many predict that as the price of solar technology continues to fall, and the pressures on nations to cut their greenhouse gas emissions mount, the sun will provide a

major share of the world’s future energy mix. A report by the International Energy Agency last year predicted solar could be the world’s main source of energy as soon as 2050.





Lucy Westcott for Newsweek

# *TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, SYRIAN REFUGEES IN JORDAN REBUILD FROM THE SCARS OF WAR*

**JORDAN'S HEALTH CARE SYSTEM IS STRUGGLING TO  
PROVIDE FOR SYRIAN REFUGEES.**

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Fourteen-year-old Fawzi lies in a hospital bed in Amman's Al Maqased hospital, pulling at the stuffing poking out of a plush toy basketball. Propped up by a

Spider-Man pillow, he is surrounded by his mother, brother and medical workers. He is nervous.

The teenager, who has big brown eyes and a mop of brown hair, was on the roof of his uncle's house in March when a plane dropped a bomb nearby. The explosion resulted in a fracture to his left leg and hip. It also blew Fawzi's intestines out of his body, where they remained until he received emergency surgery in Syria during which his abdomen was clipped together with staples. He was later moved to Jordan, and the staples were due to be removed the day Newsweek met him in May.

"This is the life of Syria's children," says Fatima, Fawzi's mother, who lives in the hospital with him. "Suffering from pain and having surgeries."

Syria's civil war has staggered into its fifth year, claiming the lives of at least **230,000 people** and displacing more than 4 million. Life expectancy for Syrians has **dropped by more than 20 years**, and an estimated 1 million Syrians have been injured. Roughly **80,000 need prosthetic fittings** to replace limbs lost to the war—by comparison, **1,573 U.S. soldiers** had their limbs amputated after serving in the Iraq and Afghanistan wars between 2001 and 2014, according to U.S. government data.

Jordan, a country of 6.5 million, has absorbed **more than 628,000 Syrian refugees** since 2011, according to the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. Jordan is starting to feel the economic and social challenges posed by the Syrian crisis, says Anne Garella, regional representative for nongovernmental organization Handicap International's emergency response mission in the Middle East. In November, the Jordanian government **ceased providing free health care to Syrian refugees** living outside the country's two refugee camps; despite not having

the legal right to work, they now have to pay for medical services.

On a balmy May afternoon, a physical therapist and social worker from Handicap International made house visits to injured and disabled Syrians living in Sahab, a neighborhood in southeast Amman. One of their patients is Jamal, a 45-year-old father of four who contacted the organization for rehabilitation after six months of torture by the Syrian government left him with a spinal cord injury, scoliosis and difficulty moving.

In October 2012, the Syrian army arrested Jamal, a former car salesman who wears a black and blue sports suit and has a thick black mustache, in his home after he watched street protests against the government. While he was detained, he says, he was beaten with the butts of his captors' guns, abused with water and electricity and hanged upside down, all forms of torture **documented** by Human Rights Watch in Syria. He says he was never given a reason for his arrest.

Upon his release, Jamal says he felt nothing. "I thought I would die," he says, starting to cry. He wants to see his children grow up and, like many refugees, return home to Syria.

Access to **prosthetics** is a growing problem in Jordan, but one organization is taking a technology-centric approach. **Refugee Open Ware** (ROW), an Amman-based startup, is developing ways to help refugees through open-source software, 3-D printing, robotics and wireless technology. Future projects for ROW, which was founded in August 2014, include developing myoelectric arms, a kind of powerful prosthesis that can be controlled using electrical signals generated naturally by the patient's muscles, for upper-limb amputees and **transhumeral** prostheses for amputations between the shoulder and elbow. For now, though, they are focusing on basic prosthetics.



“It’s challenging to have electronics and think about that as a scalable solution, so we prefer the simple stuff that’s easy to make,” says Dave Levin, founder and executive director of ROW. New tech will help make that happen. “3-D printing and 3-D scanning and digital fabrication are all the future of the prosthetics industry in the next five to 10 years,” he adds.

ROW’s aims in Jordan extend beyond limbs. The group hopes to construct three digital-fabrication labs, including a \$1.5 million project in the Zaatari refugee camp, which Levin says will promote self-sufficiency in the camp and reduce the economic burden of refugees on Jordan.

Asem Hasna, a volunteer assistant prosthetist and 3-D printing technician with ROW, learned 3-D printing in two weeks. A Syrian refugee and former paramedic who lost his leg to a piece of scrap metal from a bomb explosion in the countryside around Damascus, Hasna displays a small rubber component called a “heel pumper” that fits in the heel of his prosthetic foot. Usually, it costs around \$35 new and lasts six months, but Hasna was able to print his for \$1.41 using FilaFlex, a type of rubber used for 3-D printing.

"This is a very new thing for Syrians, the number of amputees," says Hasna. "Acceptance will be more difficult until people like me spread this culture" and amputees see more people who look like them.

In addition to the physical and emotional scars of fleeing the war in Syria, refugees face discrimination, especially those who don’t have social standing or family ties in Jordan, says Bill Frelick, director of the refugee division of Human Rights Watch. Last year, the group found Jordanian authorities were **forcibly deporting Syrian refugees**, including the injured and children, and **Syrian medical workers** back to their war-torn country.

Losing a limb is also a deeply traumatic experience that brings risk of stigmatization, says Melissa How, who was recently medical team leader with Doctors Without Borders

in Jordan's Zaatari refugee camp, the sprawling mini-city home to more than 80,000 Syrian refugees. "Patients...do worry about how they will be viewed and what the future will look like," How says.

Azraq refugee camp, located in the middle of the desert an hour and a half east of Amman, is home to around 18,500 Syrian refugees who live in rows of white metal shelters. Constantly baking in the unrelenting sun, the camp's terrain is rocky, making it precarious for wheelchairs and walkers.

Inside a shelter on the edges of Azraq, with views of two lonely goalposts, lives Rajab, 63, and his large family. In what has been his home for the past month, Rajab is seated in front of a pile of rocks collected by his grandchildren from around the camp, a pastime carried over from Syria when stones used to fill the family aquarium. A bombing severely injured his right knee and resulted in a leg amputation below his left knee. Like many injured Syrians who live in Jordan, Rajab first had surgery in Ramtha, Jordan, a city located just southwest of the Syrian border. During a therapy visit by Handicap International staff, his small grandchildren clamber over him as he uses a resistance band to move his leg back and forth to strengthen the muscle.

The biggest challenge for Syrian refugees now is to find a country willing to give them safe haven, says Handicap International's Garella. Funding is falling for NGOs in the region, partly because of donor fatigue five years into the war and crises in other parts of the world. Donations from the European Commission's Humanitarian Aid and Civil Protection department, which funds NGO operations in Jordan, have dropped by a third since 2013, despite many injured Syrians needing long-term treatment, says Garella. The U.N. has requested some **\$8 billion** in funding to support the refugee crisis in 2015, but currently it has a funding gap of **\$5.7 billion**. The World Food Program's regional response is **81 percent underfunded**. According

to António Guterres, the U.N.'s high commissioner for refugees, the overall funding crisis is so “dangerously low... that we risk not being able to meet the most basic needs of millions of people over the coming six months.”

**Handicap International** paid for the travel and accommodation for this article. Family names of some Syrian refugees have been omitted to protect the safety of family members who remain in Syria.





Afolabi Sotunde/Reuters

# *WHO WILL LEAD ZIMBABWE WHEN ROBERT MUGABE FINALLY CEDES POWER?*

**AT 91 YEARS OLD, THE PRESIDENT'S 34-YEAR REIGN IS COMING TO AN END AND NATIONAL TALK HAS TURNED TO WHO WILL SUCCEED HIM.**

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On a Friday afternoon in the leafy northern suburbs of Harare, Zimbabwe's capital, white, sunbaked former farmers gather at the Tin Cup restaurant for a lunch of barbecued ribs and cold Castle lagers, and to talk about the good old days. The owner, Leith Bray, was run off his Tengwe farm in 2002 by a baying mob intent on killing him, but he now laughs that off as part of life's rich tapestry.

Half a mile away, past the desperate, ragged street-corner vendors selling everything from mobile phone airtime to rhinos made from beer cans, a younger crowd is dining on fusion cuisine in four acres of lush landscaped gardens. It's called Amanzi Restaurant, and it's owned by Andrew and Julia Mama, a gregarious Nigerian-British couple who fled sectarian violence in Nigeria to settle in what they regard as a relatively peaceful African country. Amanzi draws diplomats, nongovernmental organization employees, aid workers and visiting European doctors, all of whom give the Zimbabwean capital a veneer of prosperity and normality.

But Zimbabwe is anything but prosperous and normal. The country's economy is a disaster after three decades of dictatorial rule by President Robert Mugabe, a former independence leader who has long been a pariah in the West, and his Zimbabwe African National Union Patriotic Front (ZANU-PF) party. Zimbabwe faces a devastating famine this year, with a shortfall of more than a million metric tons of maize.

These days, the 91-year-old Mugabe's role as president of the African Union has him spending most of his time jetting from one AU constituency to another. Meanwhile, at home, for the first time in 35 years of totalitarian rule, Mugabe's political party is starting to tear itself apart, purging former stalwarts and breaking into warring factions as leadership contenders position themselves for the moment the Old Man dies.

I have just spent a month traveling around Zimbabwe, and in the wilderness areas, the rural communities and

the major cities, the phrase that prefaces almost every conversation is “When the Old Man goes...” Uncertainty about the future alarms David Coltart, a former cabinet minister in the now defunct Government of National Unity. He says that since the country’s independence from white minority rule in 1980, “we have never had a situation where you’ve got weapons under the control of so many different entities—ZANU is fragmented, the army is fragmented, the Central Intelligence Organisation is fragmented, the police are fragmented—and there is a leadership vacuum. As a country, as a people, we are at our lowest ebb.”

Major contenders to take power after Mugabe include 60-year-old Joice Mujuru, a former vice president and widow of the assassinated General Solomon Mujuru, and 69-year-old Emmerson Mnangagwa, the current vice president and a living embodiment of ZANU-PF’s Stalinist old guard. Mujuru was expelled from the party at its National Congress last year, accused of planning a coup. She retreated to the farm bequeathed to her by her husband, and from there she is apparently planning the first post-Mugabe government. Eddie Cross, a member of parliament with the Movement for Democratic Change party, says she is in great danger.

Mujuru knows that critics of the Mugabe government have ended up dead in suspicious circumstances. Most recently, in late March, the journalist and human rights activist Itai Dzamara was bundled into an unmarked car and has not been seen since. It is assumed that he is dead. After making a statement on corruption associated with the Marange alluvial diamond fields, Edward Chindori-Chininga, a former ZANU-PF chairman of the mines committee, was killed in a car crash on a distant country road. The official version is that it was a road accident, but opposition politicians insist he was shot in the head while he was driving. Chindori-Chininga was buried within 24 hours of his death, and there was no autopsy. Cross remembers congratulating Chindori-Chininga on a brave parliamentary



speech. “He said, ‘They’re going to come after me.’ Ten days later, he was dead.”



*Zimbabwe's President Robert Mugabe rests on his forearm during the funeral of president Michael Sata at Heroes Stadium on November 11, 2014 in Lusaka.* Credit: Chibala Zulu/AFP/Getty

The overwhelming majority of Zimbabweans Newsweek spoke to want a new president, and a new government, as soon as possible. They dread the idea of another rigged election in 2018 that, given past form, could give Mugabe yet another presidential term at the age of 94. One name kept coming up: Simba Makoni. In 2008, he ran against Mugabe and Morgan Tsvangirai in the presidential election and came in a distant third.

I meet Makoni at his Galleria KwaMurongo, an arts center and restaurant in Harare. He has supported Tsvangirai in the past and recognizes the need to form what he calls a “grand coalition” to oust Mugabe and his party. Makoni was educated at Leeds University during the 1970s Rhodesian War and returned to Zimbabwe to take his place in the ZANU-PF political machine in the early days of independence. Then, he says, Mugabe and a small circle of insiders began to betray the ethical base of the liberation

struggle. “Today, the rulers are so far away from the visions, ideals, principles, ambitions of the liberation movement I was proud to be part of,” he says with a bleak smile.

Makoni left ZANU-PF in 2008, “and the day I announced I was leaving, somebody in the party promised me I would be buried within a week.” Seven years later, he is still around, a man several foreign diplomats described to me as “the most ethical politician in the country.”

Today, the voice in Mugabe’s ear, according to Makoni and others, is that of his wife, Grace. Her rise to political prominence over the past 12 months has been spectacular, even by Zimbabwe’s warped standards of dynastic entitlement. She was a typist in the president’s office when she and Mugabe began an affair, apparently sanctioned by his dying first wife, Sally. Now approaching 50, she has been transformed from first lady and mother of Mugabe’s two children to leader of ZANU-PF’s Women’s League, which secures her a place in the ruling party’s politburo.

Makoni is sure the end of the Mugabe era is very close, and “when he goes the door will open for us to rebuild and restore a modicum of esteem and decency and respect for ourselves.” However, he does fear a desperate attempt by the Mugabe dynasty to hang on to power. “Grace wants to be there,” he says. “It’s unbelievable, but it’s true. She wants to be president. That’s how irrational we have become.”





Supersense Lab

# *SMELL MEMORY KIT LETS YOU TAG EVENTS WITH CUSTOM-MADE AROMAS*

**SCENT ARTIST SISSEL TOLAAS'S GOAL IS TO HELP YOU  
MAKE MEMORIES WITH YOUR NOSE.**

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With over 400 receptors in the nose, humans distinguish an estimated thousands, millions, or even up to a trillion scents, and scent memory. Scent memory also, for better or worse, lasts for what seems like forever. “Visual memory



remains 30 percent after three months, smell memory remains 100 percent after one year,” says Berlin-based scent artist Sissel Tolaas. “Why not use that?”

In the near future, we will. Tolaas, working with Vienna’s Supersense Lab, recently created the Smell Memory Kit, the first commercial product that takes “smell snapshots.” So now, along with posting a selfie on Instagram to commemorate that amazing vacation, you will be able to make memories with your nose. “The intention is to give that thing you want to remember—a wedding, a trip—a smell,” says Tolaas.

The first 200 limited-edition kits, now available for sale at the online [Supersense store](#), have 26 main categories, from Air, Business and City to XXL, Yes and Zoo. There are subcategories too; in total, 1,000 smells are in the kit’s archive. The starter pack (\$109) includes a metal capsule and three sample smells in sealed ampoules—tiny glass vials.

When I visited Tolaas in her Berlin lab recently, she held up some of the small glass vials of scents, wafting the kit’s individual smells with her manicured hand. One smelled like a citrusy pomegranate, another called to mind suntan lotion and petunias. They can’t be described easily and are far from floral—but aren’t unpleasant, either. “They’re things that don’t smell like anything you’ve smelled,” said Tolaas. The point, she says, is that they “allow people to give something a ‘smell code’ that doesn’t [correspond to] a real smell.”

To take a “smell snapshot,” first find something to remember. Then crack open an ampoule and take a whiff. Later (even much later) you take another sniff of the scent to bring back that moment—that city, that weather, that feeling and who you were with. (If you need to re-up, the 5 milliliter glass ampoules can be reordered online for \$11 each.) “Smell is so connected to the emotions in humans, you’ll never forget,” Tolaas says.



*The Smell Memory Kit starter pack comes with a metal capsule and three sample smells.* Credit: Supersense Lab

Born in Stavanger, Norway, Tolaas studied art, chemistry, math and linguistics before launching an art career that has focused on pulling our cultural memory of smell out of the mire of old school romantic cliché of fragrances—like the eau de toilette of your first crush, or of mom’s cooking in the kitchen. Since 1990, Tolaas has been expanding her smell archive, a sort of Wikipedia of the nose that now includes over 6,000 entries. The work is supported by the International Flavors & Fragrances Inc. (IFF)—the fragrance and flavor production house that, for example, helped create Beyoncé’s “Rise” fragrance. IFF finances Tolaas’s lab and provides her with access to its technologies; in exchange, she sometimes does research for the company in a consulting capacity.

She is perhaps most well known for creating the pungent smell of World War I, which is on permanent exhibit at the Museum of Military History in Dresden, Germany. “Everyone died out, I only had history books,” she said, speaking about how she pulled that together. “It’s a

disgusting smell, a combination of dead horses, mustard gas, dead people and earth. It's so bad people run to the toilet immediately. But the museum wanted to do it to give a sense of information before this piece of history was covered up."

Each scent in her archive—which she calls the “**NASALO**” smell dictionary—tells a different story. NASALO, along with every word in the dictionary, is a Tolaas invention. “Taking into account that our societies have developed a language for color, it is remarkable that we have not yet developed one for smell,” she **wrote** in an artist statement for the project. “This is why I began to invent the first words for a language of smells, the NASALO dictionary. Although I made these words up myself, they are certainly not arbitrary.” She organizes each smell in her lab in alphabetical order. The smell of concrete, for example, is called “BEETEE” while fast food is named “FAFEES.”

Some of her smell archive has been collected as part of her “City SmellScape” project, which has been ongoing since 1998, and includes sources ranging from sewers to concert halls. In 2004, she profiled specific smells in four chosen districts of Berlin. She has also profiled the cities of Paris, Stockholm, Mexico City, Detroit and Oslo, and is currently working on Nuuk and Tel Aviv. Another current project under way is the mapping of the smell of the world's oceans. In 2006, she did a fear-based project shown at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's List Visual Art Center, where visitors **scratched and sniffed** a paint-encapsulated wall to smell the sweat of anonymous men with anxiety disorder.





*Sissel Tolaas working in her lab. Since 1990, Tolaas has been building out a massive scent archive, which now includes over 6,000 entries. Credit: Sissel Tolaas*

Other artists have worked with olfaction art, like New York artist Martyna Wawrzyniak, who last year placed **an ad in an issue of Harper's Bazaar** of her own sweat disguised as a perfume ad. Brian Goeltzenleuchter crowdsourced the smells of 10 neighborhoods in Los Angeles for a “scent-scape” map shown last year at the Santa Monica Museum of Art. Meanwhile, Peter de Cupere is an artist who created a project called “NY Smells Like,” gathering smells from residents. He also co-created the first smell-recognition iPad app, **Olfacio**, and invented the first scent piano, **the Olfactiano**, which plays “scent sonatas.”

Tolaas doesn't have an art gallerist representing her work and refuses to build a website. (“You can't put smell on the web,” she said.) Maybe one day. Harvard professor David Edwards is at work with **oSnap**, a smartphone app that can send selected food smells through text messages with an automatic camera.

The Smell Memory Kit is the result of a long-term working relationship between Tolaas and Vienna-based biologist Florian Kaps. After meeting through a mutual friend, Kaps encouraged Tolaas to turn her artwork into a commercial product that could reach a wider audience. Together, they came up with the kit idea, and they have worked on it for the past year. Last June, Kaps and Tolaas co-founded the Supersense Store in Vienna with Andreas Höller and Nina Ugrinovich.

Tolaas says the idea has been stirring around in her mind for years: “It’s literally making my 20 years of work into a way for everyone to experience it.”

“This product is the first kick in the ass, hopefully, of the people starting to learn the abilities of the nose,” said Kaps. “This is one step towards showing people the capabilities of their own noses.”





Issei Kato/Reuters

# *WE'RE DOOMED! AND IT'S ALL SILICON VALLEY'S FAULT!*

**THE HOTTEST TREND IN TECH: BLAMING SILICON VALLEY FOR OUR PROBLEMS.**

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You know technology pessimism is getting serious when career technologists go rogue.

At an outdoor café on a sunny day in New York City, I sat across the table from Kentaro Toyama, who used to explore computer vision for Microsoft Research and co-



founded Microsoft's lab in India. He quit those jobs and just published a book, **Geek Heresy**, that says technology is making social ills worse and won't cure any of our problems. A defection like that is as shocking as if a cat published a book called *Why Dogs Are Better*.

I asked Toyama why he and so many others in tech are turning to a dim point of view. Martin Ford, a Silicon Valley software guy, recently published the bleak **Rise of the Robots**: *Technology and the Threat of a Jobless Future*. Even Bill Gates, who's as responsible as anyone for putting computers into our homes, now **says** artificial intelligence is dangerous and could doom humanity. And Stephen Hawking agrees! Stephen effing Hawking! Advances in robotics and AI are ginning up more paranoia about any technology since the atom bomb. Heck, the new Terminator movie is out, and audiences are starting to wonder if it's science fiction or a documentary.

"I think the pessimists are right about AI," Toyama replied, deadpan, while finishing his pastry. "And in fact it's going to be even worse."

Oy.

Whether he's right or wrong, the technology industry is getting an image it's not used to. While there always have been and always will be those who fear technology and change—many of them residents of France—most of the time technology has inspired optimism about the future.

Look at history. In 1851, the Great Exhibition in London set imaginations afire by introducing the masses to the wonders of steel, photography and the telegraph. The New York World's Fairs of 1939 and 1964 celebrated automation, cars, flight and a more prosperous future. The dot-com boom and globalization in the late 1990s set off visions of connectedness, peace and a new digital economy that would upend everything we secretly hated about the old economy—you know, like stores and travel agents.

New technologies represented hope, not depredation. They got people excited. Science and technology have generally enjoyed good PR for about two centuries. The tech industry rarely has had to worry about getting labeled as the bad guys.

The mood changed within the past year or so. The economy has been making people feel, for the first time, that AI is hurting them. Despite the low unemployment rate, long-term unemployment is troublesome, wages are hardly growing and the gap between the rich and everyone else is widening. As depicted in Ford's book and, earlier, [Race Against the Machine](#) by MIT's Erik Brynjolfsson and Andrew McAfee, AI is already automating knowledge work the way assembly lines once automated handiwork. AI software can now write news stories, concoct recipes, drive a car and decide who should get a loan. As AI automates brain work, fewer people—i.e., those who own and operate the software—make lots of money and do much more with far fewer employees. Tech investment firm [Andreessen Horowitz](#) operates under the banner “Software is eating the world.” Increasing numbers of people fear that software is eating their livelihoods.

From there, a robot takeover suddenly looks possible if not inevitable. We all know technology only gets better, faster and cheaper. It's becoming easier to believe that computers running AI software will eventually become smarter than the smartest humans. Will they take all our jobs? Will they want the best seats in restaurants? Will they consider us a needless burden? AI can seem like it leads to a world that's lovely for machines and disastrous for us.

And now our ultraconnectedness seems like a looming problem too. With smartphones in our pockets—and there are today about as many cellphones as people in the world—we can have access to anything or anyone. Cities are becoming “connected” and “smart”—digital hives that better manage traffic, crime and development. Yet it's

becoming apparent that hackers pose a sobering threat to an ultraconnected world. The Chinese got **into** the White House, and North Koreans got into Sony. CNN does **stories** about how a hacker could take control of an airliner through its Wi-Fi, and some experts are raising concerns that a smart city could be **breached**, creating chaos at paragons of connectedness like Singapore, San Francisco or Barcelona, Spain. We got a taste of our vulnerability on July 8, when technical glitches shut down United Airlines, The Wall Street Journal website and the New York Stock Exchange.

Last month, Pope Francis **barged** into the conversation. “People no longer seem to believe in a happy future,” he wrote in his much-publicized encyclical. “They no longer have blind trust in a better tomorrow based on the present state of the world and our technical abilities. There is a growing awareness that scientific and technological progress cannot be equated with the progress of humanity and history.”

When the pope turns on you, you’ve got an image problem. Look what happened to the communists after John Paul went after them.

The doomsayers may be horrendously wrong. In fact, improving and deploying AI, software and other technologies like genetically modified crops seem to be the only ways this planet can support the population of 8 billion predicted for 2025. Plenty of evidence suggests technology is improving quality of life even while it suppresses middle-class earnings. Just think of all the free stuff you can do on a smartphone that would’ve cost plenty a decade ago. Software lets each of us—not just the plutocrats—do more with less.

Yet it’s the perception that matters, and the tech industry needs to wake up to the whiff of a growing wildfire. Tech is used to wearing the white hat. The industry needs to think about how it would feel to have the PR of Big Oil. Not that bad publicity has made much of anybody stop driving cars



and buying plastic, but the oil industry long ago got labeled as ruthless despoilers of our planet. Movie scripts make oil barons into **villains**. Reputations like that have an impact on who wants to work for you, how governments treat you and what parties you get invited to.

The tech industry needs to figure out how to again tell a story of optimism before no one wants to hear it anymore.



Lauren Abdel-Razzaq/Detroit Free Press/AP

# *FARID FATA, DOCTOR WHO GAVE CHEMO TO HEALTHY PATIENTS, SENTENCED TO 45 YEARS IN PRISON*

**THE DISBARRED MICHIGAN ONCOLOGIST IS AT THE  
CENTER OF ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE CASES OF  
MEDICAL FRAUD IN HISTORY.**

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Poring through the post-mortem of the man federal prosecutors have called the most egregious fraudster in the history of the United States, it's hard not to be shaken by the crimes of Dr. Farid Fata, the former hematologist and oncologist whose licenses have now been revoked.

Once one of Michigan's most respected doctors, with a sprawling practice across seven cities that had served over 16,000 patients since 2005, Fata was sentenced July 10 to 45 years in prison. Last September, he pleaded guilty or no contest to 23 counts of health care fraud, two counts of money laundering and one count of conspiracy to pay and receive kickbacks—but even all that fails to capture the depths of his evildoing.

In anticipation of Fata's sentencing hearing that began on July 6, the government released a 100-plus-page memorandum to the public in May, detailing what it discovered about his scheme to defraud Medicare and other insurers by exploiting patients. Federal prosecutors allege Fata intentionally prescribed over 9,000 unnecessary injections and infusions to at least 553 patients over a six-year span. These treatments amounted to nearly \$35 million in insurance billings.

Fata lied to patients about their cancer prognoses by claiming they required chemotherapy when they simply needed observation; he hoodwinked others into the infusion chair by telling them that they had to receive “maintenance” chemo to stave off cancers already in remission; and perhaps most ghastly, he implored those he knew to be terminally ill to remain under his care as he pumped poison into their soon-to-be lifeless bodies.

But it would be a mistake to look at Fata and see only a heartless and greedy monster. His actions, appalling as they were, were not performed in isolation; they are emblematic of systemic issues that have plagued the medical community since long before he ever completed



his prestigious residency at the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in 1999.

“It’s one of the most extensive cases of fraud I’ve heard of,” says Nicholas G. Evans, a medical ethicist at the University of Pennsylvania. “But it involves common problems known about in the field of medical ethics.”

To step into an oncologist's office is to put your life in someone’s hands. “Patients develop an almost religious connection to these doctors,” says Jeffrey Stewart, an attorney who is representing two former clients of Fata's.

According to the testimony provided by Fata’s victims, the doctor repeatedly took advantage of this connection, as well as fear, to obscure the uselessness of his medical treatments. “He stated that [my mother] had a very aggressive cancer that would become untreatable if she stopped chemo and then he wouldn’t be able to save her,” wrote Michelle Mannarino, the daughter of a Fata patient, in an impact statement gathered by the prosecutorial team. “Several times, when I had researched and questioned his treatment, he asked if I had fellowshiped at Sloan Kettering like he had.”

At seemingly every stage of cancer (including no cancer at all), Fata promised his patients that remission was 70 percent likely, but only if they were completely loyal to him. One terminally ill woman spent the last few moments of her life angry with her family for questioning the wisdom of declaring bankruptcy to continue paying for Fata’s care. “She kept putting things off, thinking that she would have time ‘when she got better’.... [Our mother] was never able to accept that she was dying because Fata convinced her she was not,” the family’s impact statement says.

Fata also bamboozled patients into receiving additional doses of the immunosuppressive drug rituximab even after they were successfully treated for their lymphoma—in some instances, for as long as three years. By the time Fata was arrested, their immune systems had been permanently

devastated. Others were left with decaying jaws and never-ending bouts of intense pain by the bone cancer-fighting drug Zometa.

He deflected suspicion from the rituximab patients and medical staff by claiming that it was a part of a revolutionary “European” or “French” protocol, even going so far as to forge a medical paper after his arrest that supposedly proved the value of rituximab. Elsewhere, he kept a tight leash on information by denying patients access to their full medical files—preventing them from being able to effectively seek a second opinion.



*The Michigan Hematology and Oncology office of Dr. Farid Fata in Oak Park, Mich. The U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan sentenced Fata to 45 years in federal prison on July 7, 2015. Credit:*

Carlos Osorio/AP

## IT TAKES A WHISTLEBLOWER

Angela Swantek, an oncology nurse with 19 years of experience, told **The Detroit News** that she went in for what she thought would be a routine job interview with Fata in the early spring of 2010. By the end of it, she left dismayed over the medical care she saw being administered to patients.

For example, Swantek saw people hooked up to infusion chairs being slowly pumped full of drugs that were meant

to be given via a quick IV injection, and other treatments like Neulasta, a human growth factor, being administered immediately after chemotherapy, instead of after 24 hours, as recommended. Any trained professional should have instantly seen these procedures were inappropriate and even dangerous, yet when Swantek brought it up, all she got from the nurse on staff was indifference. “That’s just the way we do things here,” she recalls being told.

Swantek reported her suspicions to Michigan's Bureau of Health Professions that March. More than a year later, in May 2011, she received a letter from the state-run Department of Licensing and Regulatory Affairs (LARA, which manages the bureau) telling her that an investigation had cleared Fata of any wrongdoing. But, Swantek says, the state never reached out to her.

LARA maintains that it interviewed Swantek and conducted its probe to the best of its ability, but attempts by Swantek and [The Detroit News](#) to obtain the file of the investigation were denied, with the state claiming it could not release any information because of privacy laws surrounding the state investigation of a medical professional.

That obliqueness is baked into every layer of self-regulation within the medical field, says Brian McKeen, an attorney who is representing several of Fata’s former patients in pending civil court lawsuits filed against him. McKeen cites the practice of medical peer review, which allows professional organizations like the American Medical Association and hospitals to conduct internal reviews of their members and staff without the possibility of scrutiny. In [Michigan](#), even though reports conducted by a review entity, such as the AMA, can be released to the public, they are, [by state law](#), under no circumstances allowed to reveal the identity of anyone involved in the investigation. That information also cannot be disclosed to lawyers like McKeen who seek to demonstrate a pattern of negligence by a specific medical professional.



The policy is ostensibly meant to safeguard those who seek to report doctors from retribution or liability, but it also means that the public has no way of knowing about a physician's past brushes with charges of negligence. None of the patients who entered into Fata's care could ever have been made aware of the 2010 allegations against him or if the state was indeed justified in finding him free of wrongdoing. It also means that any third-party attempts to verify whether an institution actually did its due diligence in investigating a medical professional will be virtually impossible.

Meanwhile, there are scant resources and manpower available to investigate medical negligence, both at the institutional and state government level. "There's really no medical police around to catch corruption," Evans says. "It often takes a whistleblower."

From the time Dr. Soe Maunglay began working for Fata's practice, Michigan Hematology Oncology, in mid-2012, their relationship had been rocky. Soon after he arrived, Maunglay requested that a physician be present anytime one of his patients was undergoing chemotherapy; in response, Fata assigned Maunglay to a location and hours that kept him far away from his own patients. Maunglay's suspicions further developed after he caught Fata lying in 2013 about MHO having already obtained certification from the Quality Oncology Practice Initiative program when it actually hadn't. His growing frustration with Fata led him to tender his resignation for that August.

Around the weekend of July 4, 2013, Maunglay was looking in on patients at the Crittenton Hospital Cancer Center, where Fata operated a private clinic, when he came across Monica Flagg, who had broken her leg. Only a few hours earlier, she had received the first of many planned and costly chemotherapy sessions. Looking at Flagg's medical chart, Maunglay soon realized that Flagg was likely cancer-

free, and later that weekend he urged her to get a second opinion.

Horried by the incident, Maunglay began to look at Fata's other patient files. He got in touch with George Karadsheh, MHO's practice manager, about his concerns. Afterward, Karadsheh formally reached out to the FBI with Maunglay's findings, starting the cascade of events that would end in the FBI raiding Fata's offices and arresting him.

### TOO PROFITABLE TO JAIL

Perhaps the biggest reason Fata had gotten away with his crimes for years was the simplest one: He was too profitable to tattle on. According to the federal investigation, by the time Fata was apprehended, his practice purchased \$45 million worth of drugs annually for a staff of three doctors. The median amount spent by a full-time oncologist is between \$1.5 million and 1.9 million, according to a 2015 [report](#) on oncology trends. He branched out with an in-house pharmacy, Vital Pharmacare; a radiation treatment center, Michigan Radiation Institute; a diagnostic testing facility, United Diagnostics; and his very own charity, Swan for Life.

He accomplished this growth largely by treating his patients as if they were actors at a cattle call, lining up 50 to 60 a day to hand off to unlicensed doctors before spending five to 10 minutes at the end of each visit seeing them personally. Then he pushed for longer or unneeded treatments, overdosed patients so he could use up the entire containers of medication he had billed for, harangued the dying (when he couldn't convince them to keep taking treatment) into staying at the hospice he received kickback money from and pressured others to only use the services of businesses he owned. Given the choice between making his patients healthier and making himself wealthier, Fata always chose the latter.

Fata's merciless profiteering was certainly at the extreme end of the spectrum, but Evans says it's a choice

many doctors make. "There are contradictory demands on the health care system," he says. Many doctors, even unknowingly, bend their treatment decisions toward making the most money possible. Rarely does this lead to outright fraud, but often it is enough to get in the way of the principal precept of bioethics: first, do no harm.

In one of many examples, Evans cites a 2013 study from [The New England Journal of Medicine](#) that found that urologists who owned an intensity-modulated radiation therapy service, a cancer treatment with a high reimbursement rate, were more than twice as likely than urologists who didn't own IMRT service to prescribe it to their patients. "The conclusion here is that ownership of expensive-to-access medical services constitutes an incentive to prescribe those services to patients, regardless of whether those patients would benefit more from that service than some other, cheaper therapy," he says.

The expansion of Medicare's Part D, which subsidizes prescription drug costs with federal dollars, has similarly incentivized doctors to run up the bill. A [report](#) conducted by the Department of Health and Human Services released last month found that Part D spending has more than doubled since its beginning in 2006, from \$51.3 billion to \$121.1 billion, and that more than 1,400 pharmacies had engaged in "questionable billing" for drugs available through Part D in 2014 alone.

### A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE

On July 10, 2015, the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan sentenced Fata to 45 years in federal prison. Fata reportedly wept openly in court and apologized. "I misused my talents," Fata said before sentencing "because of power and greed. My quest for power is self-destructive." Later, he added that he was "horribly ashamed of my conduct" and prays for repentance. Fata also has agreed to forfeit \$17.6 million.



Referencing notorious frauds like Bernie Madoff, prosecutors say that because of the lifelong destruction he has inflicted on so many, only a commensurate sentence of life in prison could come close to enacting some degree of justice. At 50, Fata is likely to live out the rest of his life behind bars.

But lawyers like McKeen and Stewart both note that the potential money available to his former patients in civil litigation is fairly low, thanks to Michigan's medical malpractice cap of about \$450,000 for punitive damages such as pain and suffering (no such cap exists for economic damages like medical bills, loss of wages and future earnings).

Though there could be a joint venture by Fata's patients to recoup money from his personal earnings, according to Stewart, as of now, that money has been seized by the government. He believes that there are more than 40 civil cases pending against Fata, and that without such group efforts, it may take years before any money is awarded through litigation.

In the two years since Fata's scheme was finally brought to a halt, the government has made earnest attempts to patch up some of the holes that enable medical corruption to fester unnoticed. With the implementation of the Affordable Care Act came the **Physician Payments Sunshine Act** in 2014, which requires drug and medical product manufacturers who are reimbursed by federal health care programs like Medicare to report any financial payments or services they provide physicians and teaching hospitals. It's a valuable resource that allows everyone, patients included, to look in and determine if a doctor or hospital is beset by potential conflicts of interest, according to Evans.

But most think much more is needed. McKeen says that removing punitive damage caps and allowing for more transparency during internal investigations will discourage potential Fatas from stepping over the line. Swantek believes

there has to be more dedicated manpower devoted to these investigations. "We shouldn't rely on the FBI to police our doctors," she says.

But any solutions will be too late for the several hundred people Fata victimized. Even after he's escorted to prison, their crippled bodies and agonizing deaths will forever serve as a testament to Fata's unchecked avarice and our institutional failure to prevent it. Asks McKeen, "Where were the checks and balances here?"

A version of this story **first appeared** on Medical Daily. Follow Ed Cara on Twitter @**EdCara4**.



Dave Schumaker/Flickr

## *A BRIEF HISTORY OF 'ADAM AND EVE, NOT ADAM AND STEVE'*

**HOW A TIRED HOMOPHOBIC CATCHPHRASE WAS  
RECLAIMED—AND CHANGED FOREVER—BY THE GAY  
RIGHTS MOVEMENT.**

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At 16, Craig Chester fell in love with a boy in his suburban Dallas church.

It was the early 1980s—hardly a hopeful time for gay acceptance in the South—and Chester still remembers what



his pastor told him when he found out about the doomed love: "God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve." Then he quoted a verse from Leviticus.

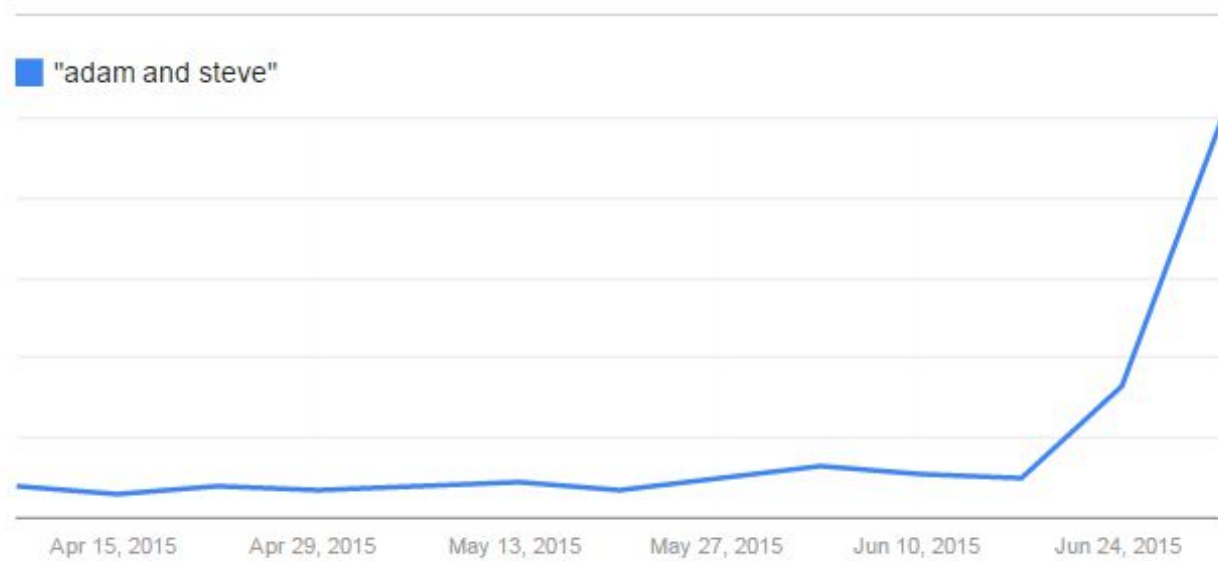
"I think my preacher or pastor was the first person I heard saying it," says Chester, who grew up in a born-again Christian family. "There were starting to be gay characters on television. They would have seminars where people would come in and give lectures on what was going on in L.A. and New York and the gay agendas. I remember hearing stuff like that growing up and feeling a lot of shame."

Chester tried to kill himself soon after, cutting his wrists in the high school bathroom. He's now a filmmaker; the first movie he wrote was the gay romantic comedy *Adam & Steve*.

For decades, the right-wing fight to keep gay couples from getting married—which **culminated in defeat** with last Friday's Supreme Court decision—has returned again and again to that single catchphrase: "God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve." Or: "It's Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve." If you were an alien wading into LGBT debates for the first time, you'd think it were a paragon of logic and stone-solid proof. (It's not.) But there's a lot packed into such a succinct homophobic mantra: God. Religion. Mocking same-sex relationships. Idealizing heterosexual partnership as the bedrock of, literally, the human race.

The line dates back further than you might expect, appearing long before same-sex marriage became a viable political goal. And tracing its more recent history reveals a curious trend: LGBT people reclaiming "Adam and Steve" as a positive expression of their own.

Interest over time. Web Search. Worldwide, Past 90 days.



*This Google Trends chart shows how online appearances of "Adam and Steve" skyrocketed around the time of the Supreme Court decision in late June. Credit: Google Trends*

The first known appearance of "Adam and Steve" came in 1977, in what would become its natural habitat: a picket sign at an anti-gay rally. This particular protest brought 15,000 "pro-family" spectators to an arena in Houston, where burgeoning Religious Right icons like Phyllis Schlafly and National Right to Life Committee founder Mildred Jefferson railed against homosexuality, abortion and the National Women's Conference happening five miles away. The master of ceremonies was a businessman named Lee Goodman, who proclaimed it the "most significant day in the history of our country" and who **died** six months ago after **being sued** for ponzi-scheming more than 50 investors.

The New York Times **published a Nov. 19, 1977 report** that quoted some of the protest signs: "E.R.A. Is a Turkey," "Not Gay, But Happy People—Happy, Texas" and, of course, "God Made Adam and Eve, Not Adam and Steve."

The participants, many of them couples with small children, carried signs reading "E.R.A. Is a Turkey," "God Made Adam and Eve, Not Adam and Steve," "IWY. International Witches Year," "Jimmy, We're Here, Too," and "Not Gay, But Happy People—Happy, Texas."

Credit: The New York Times/nytimes.com

Whoever wrote the slogan was probably going for a snappier take on "If God had wanted homosexuals, he would have created Adam and Freddy," which was **scrawled by a San Francisco graffiti artist** in 1970 and **parroted by anti-gay activist Anita Bryant** (who swapped out "Freddy" for "Bruce") in People magazine in 1977.

But if you were to guess who first gave the phrase wider national exposure, you'd probably get it right on the first or second try: the late televangelist Jerry Falwell, of "**Gays Caused 9/11**" fame. Falwell used it in a 1979 press conference that was written up in Christianity Today. In the conservative Review of the News that year, he was **quoted** as saying, "God didn't create Adam and Steve, but Adam and Eve." By the early '80s, this was being touted as one of the pastor's favorite lines, appearing with slightly different wording in **TV Guide** and **Esquire**. (Bizarrely, Martin Amis **quoted Falwell's favorite refrain approvingly** in a 1980 New York Times book review.)

From there, it just spread. Conservative congressman William E. Dannemeyer latched onto the slur, as noted by a 1986 **Los Angeles Times profile**. A Massachusetts politician, Roger Goyette, **used it to block gay rights legislation** in 1985. "Adam and Steve" started appearing prominently in books both by and about the thriving Religious Right. "HOMOSEXUALITY: Adam and STEVE" was a chapter title in Michael Youssef's 1986 book "Leading the Way: The Church or Culture?" Strangest of all, rocker Little Richard



used it to renounce his own "gay lifestyle." Here's a 1986 appearance in Jet magazine:

**Little Richard**, rock 'n' roll performer turned born again Christian, stressing that he has given up his gay lifestyle, booze and drugs: *"I finally realized God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve."*

Credit: Jet Magazine/Google Books

Around this time, Craig Chester served as a teen missionary. "We used to go down to the gay bars in Dallas and try to save the gays," he says. After he'd come out and moved to New York, he returned to Dallas and attended a gay pride parade. "There was a group of protesters. They had a 'God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve' placard. Because I had been religious, I went over and just had a debate with one of them."

By the 1990s, the phrase was ubiquitous. It popped up twice in Newsweek—including in a [1993 story](#) predicting same-sex marriage—and once in a 1996 [New York magazine profile](#) of Senator Jesse Helms. In a 1998 book, religious scholar Rebecca T. Alpert identified it as having become "an important slogan for the antigay movement," noting its presence on placards, bumper stickers and television. Gay-bashing politicians have continued to return to it ever since. In a memorable instance, Parliament member David Simpson botched the quote during a 2013 debate on same-sex marriage in Great Britain. "In the Garden of Eden it was Adam and Steve," he said to unintended laughs.



*Televangelist Jerry Falwell was the grandfather of the "Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve" comment.* Credit: Willie Vicoy/Reuters

But something changed in the '90s: LGBT writers and supporters started taking "Adam and Steve" back. In his 1994 novel *Just As I Am*, the writer E. Lynn Harris mocked the expression. One of the book's characters puts it bluntly: "If I hear God created Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve one more time I'm going to croak. Who thought of that stupid ass shit? Who the fuck is Steve anyway?"

Then, in *The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told*, a 1998 play by the openly gay playwright Paul Rudnick, God does make Adam and Steve—as well as a lesbian couple named Jane and Mabel.

"I remember that it was very commonly used by a lot of evangelical preachers," Rudnick says. "They'd always be very jolly and condescending, as if you could dismiss all gay lives with a kind of tired punchline." So began *The Most Fabulous Story*: "I remember thinking one day, what if you took these preachers at their word? What if God did make Adam and Steve?"

Naturally, the "demented romantic comedy" spawned protest among the fundamentalists it was meant to mock. But Rudnick says the strongest objections came from those who hadn't seen it. "I've found that deeply religious people, people who were raised in religious families, are often the greatest fans of the play," he says. "It's been actually a wonderful way into those conversations."

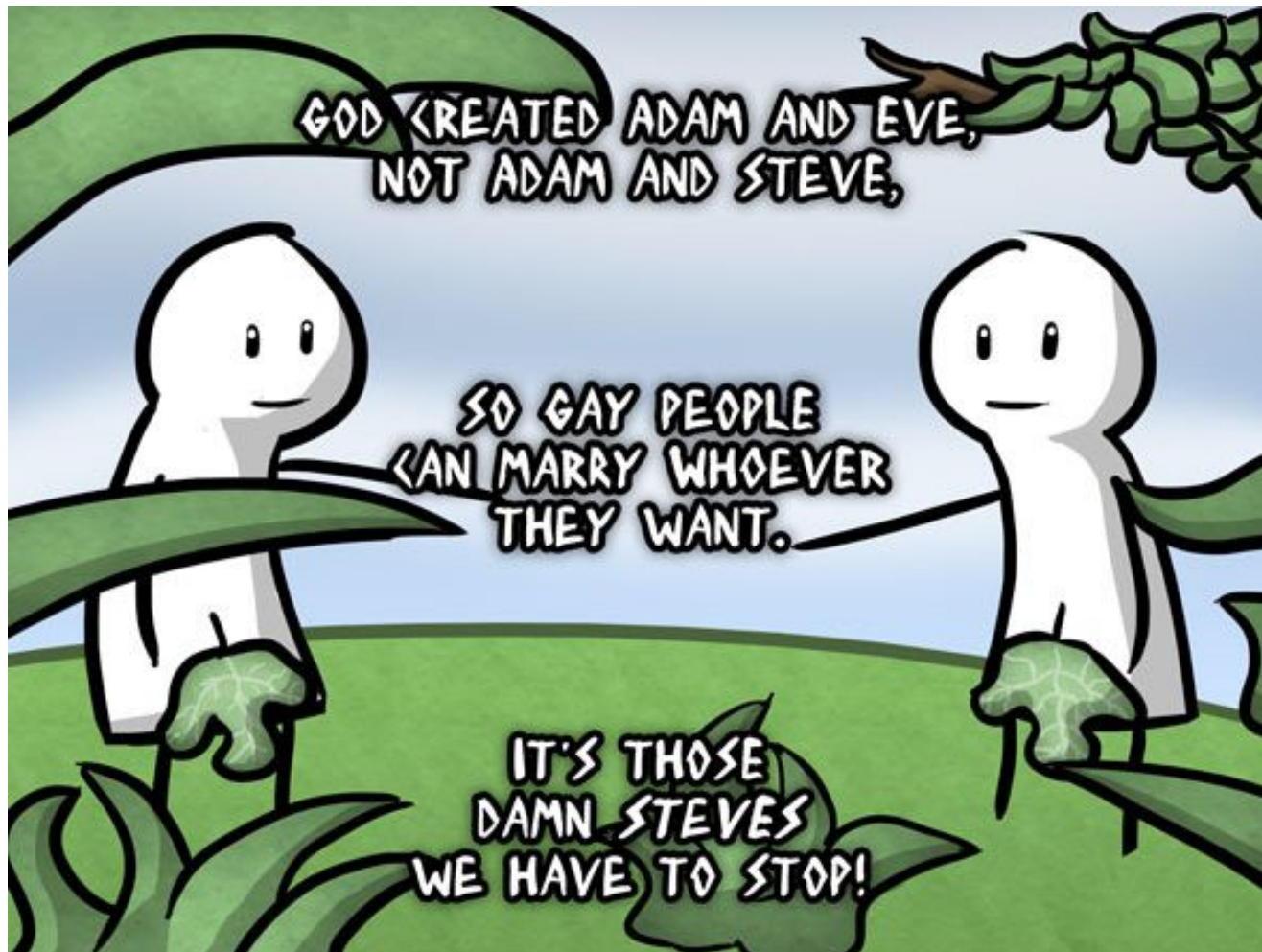
Craig Chester was one such gay person raised in a religious family, and around the time that *The Most Fabulous Story* appeared, he went undercover at an "ex-gay" camp in order to write a screenplay about the **gay conversion movement**. At one workshop, a purportedly converted gay man announced that God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve. Another man announced that his name was Adam and his ex-boyfriend was a Steve. "I thought, they were Adam and Steve," Chester says. "This guy and his ex were actually Adam and Steve before he came to try and change who he is."

That realization prompted *Adam & Steve*, the movie Chester wrote, starred in and directed in 2005: a comedy about—and named after—a couple named Adam and Steve. "God made Adam and Eve, and I'm gonna make Adam and Steve," he says of his thought process. He likens it to how gay people reclaimed the word "queer" in the '90s. "It's a phrase that's been around me my whole life. To take it and make it into the title of a film felt really empowering." Chester remembers filming the gay wedding sequence in 2004: "It was this sad, poignant, kind of sweet day on set, because it was a fantasy sequence." (A real-life Adam and Steve, by the way, married soon after—sort of. Same-sex marriage was not yet legal in New York in 2006. Adam Berger and Stephen Frank's **commitment ceremony**, and fairytale love story, appeared in The New York Times' weddings page just the same.)

Though hardly a critical success, the movie has changed lives. When Chester's nephew came across it in a video store



in Denton, Texas, he decided to come out of the closet. "He saw me—I'm on the cover of the DVD—and he said, 'Oh my God, Uncle Craig is gay and I'm gay.' So he texted me: 'Uncle Craig, I'm gay and I'm happy,'" the director recalls. "People come out via text message now, which is kind of amazing."



*A Rock Paper Cynic comic making fun of the "Adam and Steve" trope.*

Credit: Rock Paper Cynic/rockpapercynic.com

The reclamation of "Adam and Steve" has continued apace in the digital age. Google the phrase today, and you'll mostly find blog posts, cartoons and images of support, not prejudice. NotAdamAndSteve.com is the popular blog of Will Shepherd and R.J. Aguiar, an engaged couple in Los Angeles. (Not to be confused with the similarly minded [Meet Adam and Steve](#).) There's an [XKCD comic](#) playing off the trope. There are [memes](#), [comics](#), [cartoons](#) and [biblically inclined illustrations](#). Those who do use the slogan in earnest—like this [pastor in Georgia](#)—are frequently depicted as unhinged

and unreformed. When an Indiana church put up such a sign in 2013, locals spoke up in protest.

In Uniontown, Pennsylvania, Daniel Riggs owns a photography company called Adam & Steve, which specializes in gay weddings and engagements. Riggs, who grew up in Kentucky with a Baptist minister father, wanted to start a business where small-town customers don't feel nervous asking if same-sex couples are welcome. "We were mulling over a name," Riggs says, "and I think probably every person in our LGBT community has heard 'God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.' We wanted to take something negative and make it positive."

Last week's Supreme Court announcement yielded another flurry of references to the cliché. On Twitter, it provided the setup for celebratory jokes and puns:

||

**It's Adam and Steve not Adam  
and Dave. They broke up  
awhile ago. Are you even on  
Instagram??— Grant Pardee  
(@grantpa) June 26, 2015**

"

if ur argument for being gay  
is "Adam and Eve not Adam  
and Steve" then u need to  
Adam and leave— angie  
(@cumpleted) June 29, 2015

"

Dudes named "Adam and Steve"  
who're getting married should  
get like a discount this week  
or something.— Guy Branum  
(@guybranum) June 26, 2015



II

It's Adam and Eve not Robert  
and Sarah sorry you two can't  
get married— Nathan Zed  
(@TheThirdPew) June 28, 2015

Which is not to suggest the earnest "Adam and Steve" invocation is dead—it's out there, and still ugly. It popped up this week in **local news broadcasts**, **gasping newspaper op-eds**, **rants from pastors**, even at New York's Pride Parade, on a **sign belonging to an orthodox Jewish group** that opposes gay marriage.

But in major media outlets, the phrase surfaces just as often as an emblem of a bygone era. Open-minded Mormons are "bored of hearing about 'Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve,'" the British Metro **reported** last week. And a Daily News lede on Friday deployed it rather simply.

"Marriage is now legal in the U.S.A. for Adam and Steve," the tabloid transmitted to its readers, "not just Adam and Eve."



Allen Agostino

*THE 'HOLE' IS 12 FEET  
BELOW STREET LEVEL  
AND ABOUT A CENTURY  
BEHIND THE REST OF  
NEW YORK*

**WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS 19TH CENTURY  
ARKANSAS WITH 21ST CENTURY NEW YORK CITY?**

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It may be true, as the Old Testament counsels, that all flesh is grass, but sorry is the flesh that ends up as grass in



the Hole, a Mafia graveyard and Deliverance-worthy outpost that may be the most forlorn of New York City's 250 or so neighborhoods.

Although most New Yorkers haven't been there, the Hole hides in plain sight. Many pass it on the way to John F. Kennedy International Airport, on a bleak road above which jets wheeze in their final descent toward the runways along Jamaica Bay. Behind a tatty curtain of trees and weeds, there is a strange depression in the land, as if a sinkhole had opened here on the desultory border between Brooklyn and Queens. It looks less like a New York neighborhood than an Arkansas village, only with housing projects on the horizon instead of the Ozark Mountains. Welcome to the Hole.

Most New Yorkers learned about the Hole in 2004, when what remained of the bodies of two mafiosi was found nourishing this sodden patch of earth skipped over by modernity. The unlucky mobsters—Dominick "Big Trin" Trinchera and Philip "Philly Lucky" Giaccone—had been dispatched by Gambino crime family boss John "the Teflon Don" Gotti. Federal agents, though, had credible leads about other Gambino adversaries sleeping the big sleep in the Hole. Attention turned naturally enough to the place itself, so isolated that it could serve as a wiseguy ossuary, even as the Hole's residents presumably went about their daily lives.

"The closest thing New York has to a border town," **declared The New York Times**, comparing the Hole to Laredo, Texas, with its "dusty streets, stray dogs, ramshackle corrugated tin structures and even a few cowboys." Real cowboys—members of the Federation of Black Cowboys, to be exact—since ironic hipster cowboys weren't traipsing around the city just yet. But the mediagenic buckaroos disguised the fact that most people had not come here to live out their Wild West fantasies, or fantasies of any kind. As one woman told the Times, "Most people are here because they were born here or they can't afford to live anywhere



else. I'd love to move, but I can't afford to, so for now I'm stuck in the Hole."

Two decades earlier, the Hole would not have made news in barbaric New York where, in 1984, the vigilante Bernhard Goetz became a hero to some for shooting four black kids on a subway train; where, in 1985, the ascendant Gotti had his rival Paul Castellano rubbed out in the middle of Manhattan; where, in 1989, a local psycho served the homeless denizens of Tompkins Square Park a soup made out of his dismembered girlfriend. The city was rife with Holes, from the East Village to East Harlem. A wasteland full of human remains way out by the airport? Meh.

Well, this New York wasn't that New York. By 2004, most Holes in New York were being turned into condominiums, or at least Duane Reade stores. A month before the discovery of the two bodies, the Republican National Convention had concluded in the city; later that fall, City Hall would submit its final bid for the 2012 Summer Olympics. That there was, within city limits, something as unruly as the Hole was an affront to the notion of a 21st century metropolis, welcoming to conservatives from Mississippi and tourists from Toulouse, France.

No other bodies were found during the 2004 dig, though the tall reeds that rise in claustrophobic phalanxes on the empty lots of the Hole could easily hide a Roman legion, as could the abandoned houses that look like they haven't been occupied since the Beatles touched down at JFK. But fascination with the Hole remains; in the years since, the neighborhood has served as the frequent subject of artistic and journalistic curiosity, a wellspring of infinite weirdness, hardcore ruin-porn for the concrete-encased soul.

Every city has a shadow city. Paris has the catacombs. Hong Kong had the Kowloon Walled City. New York has the Hole. Places like these matter because they declare that the past is not fully known and the future may well turn out to be a shitshow. We could all be living in what, 100 years

hence, may turn out to be the Hole. We are in on one cosmic joke but the butt of another. That terrifies some and thrills others.

The photographer **Nathan Kensinger**, whose work has appeared at the Brooklyn Museum and the Museum of the City of New York, says that of the about 200 photo essays he has done on New York City, **his 2009 exploration of the Hole remains among the most popular**. “It's kind of crazy to me how much of an urban legend the Hole became after I wrote about it,” Kensinger told me. Though he makes no claims to have “discovered” the Hole, he does believe that his photo-essay introduced it to intrepid young New Yorkers, many of them recent arrivals, eager to treat the city like an unexplored jungle.

Most recently came the work of **Allen Agostino**, a skilled young journalist from Toronto. While studying at the International Center for Photography in 2013, he started living in the Hole several days each week, documenting the struggles of a Puerto Rican family whose half-dozen members shared a trailer. Agostino's work was featured on the longform journalism website Narratively this winter and last month at the **Invisible Dog** gallery in Brooklyn.

Agostino's exhibition comes at a time when the Hole is threatened by development both commercial and residential. Land in the city is so valuable, so scarce, that even a weedy sump under the JFK flight path starts to look like a gold mine. Mayor Bill de Blasio is planning to **remake the adjacent neighborhood of East New York as a hub of affordable housing**. That would bring millions of redevelopment dollars to the Hole's western edge. Some of that money will surely spill over, filling the Hole forever.

To capture the place now is to record for all time the last gasps of a disappearing tribe, to give through art the kind of dignity Dorothea Lange endowed to her Dust Bowl subjects, doomed in life but exalted in her photographs.

“It will be soon,” Agostino told me over coffee. “The Hole will be gone, and those people will have to find another hole.”

### The Radish Kings

How the Hole got its name, nobody knows. It isn’t an official designation, like Times Square or Central Park. Because its streets have names like Ruby, Amber and Emerald, the entire neighborhood is sometimes called the “Jewel Streets,” though there is nothing visibly resplendent about the place. Others may call it Lindenwood, Old Old Howard Beach, Spring Creek, City Line, Cypress Hills. Take your pick. Nobody is going to correct you because nobody really knows.

Most people agree that the Hole is bound by Conduit Avenue, Ruby Street and Linden Boulevard, a triangle wedged between Brooklyn and Queens, about 10 blocks in size. It may take you a while to get there, but you will doubtlessly know that you have arrived, as the land drops beneath you into a crater about 12 feet below street level (some put the number at 30 feet) and a good century behind the rest of New York.

All of a sudden, the landscape of inoffensive middle-class tract housing gives way to a cityscape that may as well be a David Lynch set. A walk down one of the Hole’s several strips (which do have street signs, though often bent or joined at odd angles) might yield the following succession of images: a puddle roughly the size of Lake Tahoe, though lacking its famous clarity; an utterly empty lot where the reeds grow in what looks like a single green mass, impenetrable to anyone without a machete; a spiffy brick house yearning for reunion with its siblings in suburban New Jersey; a chicken running free; a pit bull, barking frothily through a chicken-wire fence; a house that appears to have been hit by a Predator drone strike, followed by a tornado, followed by especially desperate looters.



An old Hispanic man watches the world from a beach chair on his porch; children play basketball and ride bikes, as they do in countless wholesome suburbs across America; 18-wheelers rumble through the Hole. Men sit alertly in idle cars, looking out over uneven fields of piebald grass, reminding one of various bloody scenes from various Martin Scorsese films. This would be the sidewalk ballet Jane Jacobs had in mind, except there are no sidewalks in the Hole.

The origins of the Hole are as murky as the water that seems to collect at every one of its intersections: not a single city historian I contacted had a clue. Most likely, the Hole shares an agrarian past with its neighbor, East New York. As Mark Linder and Lawrence Zacharias note in *Of Cabbages and Kings County*, Brooklyn was “the country’s second biggest vegetable producer” in the late 19th century. And according to the city’s Parks Department, *nearby land belonged until 1953 to the Brockman brothers*, the “radish kings of Long Island.”

In the 1890s, the eastern edges of the city saw “the mass conversion of farms into residential lots,” write Linder and Zacharias. In the mid-20th century, Jews and Catholics fled neighborhoods like East New York for Long Island. In their stead came blacks and Hispanics hoping for something better than the segregated South. They didn’t find it and have languished in public housing ever since, forgotten by the city they thought might save them.

Somehow, the Hole represents both the visible glories and subtle ravages of modernity. The place resembles, *as the real estate blog Curbed once put it*, “a marshy Detroit.” Except I’m pretty sure Detroit has much better infrastructure. Yes, there is running water and electricity. No, there isn’t a sewage system, generally considered a must-have in the developed world (the Hole instead relies on septic tanks and cesspools). Not a single business appears to operate within the Hole, at least not visibly. There are a couple of gardens

growing vegetables, which is disturbing when you consider that the land beneath is soaked through with human waste and probably still hides a few decomposing mafiosi. I don't want my tomatoes quite that organic.

**Courtney Fathom Sell**, who made a documentary about the Hole in 2010 with Billy Feldman, says he “became interested in the Hole while living down in New Orleans. We had begun to hear about a place back in NYC, which was being referred to as ‘the Lower 9th Ward of New York.’” His documentary treats the place with dignity, neither romanticizing its struggles nor pathologizing its residents.

When, exactly, the Mafia started using the Hole as its informal graveyard is yet another of the neighborhood's mysteries. However, the two decomposed corpses found in 2004 weren't the first to be unearthed there. In 1981, children playing in a lot in the Hole stumbled on what turned out to be the body of Alphonse “Sonny Red” Indelicato, a member of the Bonanno organized crime family. The Hole was certainly convenient for John Gotti, who took over the Gambino family after the Castellano hit in 1985: his favored hangout, the Bergin Hunt and Fish Club in Ozone Park, Queens, was a 10-minute drive from the Hole.

“There's a certain freedom down there,” explains Agostino, the photographer who recently exhibited his Hole photographs in Brooklyn. It is both a freedom from and a freedom to. Today, the Hole appears to serve as the Alaska of New York, a place for castaways and loners to live without having to answer questions or meet questioning stares. And despite its reputation as a mafia dumping ground, the Hole is remarkably safe, according to the city's crime map for the last two years, which shows the neighborhood as an oasis largely free of major crimes in a part of the city where gentrifiers still fear to tread. The black cowboys, who once had pastures for their horses in the Hole, decamped more than a decade ago, but a kind of rugged

frontier civility remains. This may be the only place in New York where a sheriff with a six-shooter would not seem out of place.

### In Praise of Voyeurs

As I was taking photographs in the Hole, a chubby kid in a Catholic school T-shirt came over and told me to erase the picture I'd taken of his basketball hoop, sitting in a driveway like a starved giraffe. I explained what I was doing, but that didn't assuage him. The kid complained that other journalists had made the Hole look like "a piece of shit." I assured him that I wouldn't, but his disbelieving glare remained as I scurried back to my Volkswagen.

I see the kid's point. Maybe visiting the Hole is not all that different from touring South Central, a UCLA comp lit major from Orange County telling it like it was between the Bloods and the Crips in bad old '92. Then again, you could argue that the photographs Jacob Riis took of Lower East Side tenements a century ago constituted a ruin-porn compendium of their own. Without voyeurs, the rest of us cannot see.

"This is the true New York," wrote urban explorer Kevin Walsh of Forgotten New York **when he went forth into the Hole in 2005**. "This is NYC with pretense and artifice stripped away." So you better go now, before Starbucks arrives. Just don't wear flip-flops.





Newsweek

# *LOVE IS BLIND, AND SO ARE THE COURTNEY LOVE HATERS*

**EVERYONE LOVES TO HATE THE TALENTED SINGER, BUT  
SHE IS TURNING THE HATE INSIDE OUT.**

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In February, Courtney Love staggered into Fox's hip-hop drama *Empire* as Elle Dallas, a fading R&B diva and former junkie who has to convince a ferocious record exec that her vocal chords and talent aren't totally fried. After a do-or-die chat, Dallas tears off her fake eyelashes and unleashes



a melodic howl that nearly blows the recording studio into Lake Erie.

Love—either a feminist icon or a homicidal grunge poser flop, depending on whom you ask—may have been playing herself there, but the guest shot was far more than a last chance to cash in on former glory. The Empire appearance, along with an upcoming tour (with the equally polarizing Lana Del Rey) and a role on *Revenge*, is all part of her calculated power move forward, beyond the demonization by the press and former friends, including the producer of her band's first album, *Pretty on the Inside* (this one goes out to you, Kim Gordon!).

Everyone—save for a subsection of feminists, forward-thinking punk bands and Rookie readers—loves to hate Courtney Love. Because...? She killed Kurt, the hirsute K Records-tattooed fanboys declare! Look, Cobain was a genius, but he had issues that went way beyond marriage counseling.

But she's talentless, the Billy Corgan apologists cry. Seriously? Give any track off *Live Through This*, *Celebrity Skin* or one of her new solo singles "You Know My Name" or "Wedding Day" a spin—I dare you to resist picking up an air guitar and screaming along with her. The woman can write the hell out of a pop song and can also bring a storied cover to its knees. (Put Hole's renditions of "Gold Dust Woman" and "Over the Edge" in your ear.)



*Musician Courtney Love arrives at the 2015 "Vanity Fair" Oscar Party in Beverly Hills, California February 22, 2015. Credit: Danny Moloshok/Reuters*

She's a terrible mother, the helicopter parents squeal. And John Lennon was Father of the Year? Love has acknowledged her shortcomings as a human and a parent, and her daughter, Frances Bean—who recently was executive producer for her late father's HBO documentary *Montage of Heck* and is an accomplished visual artist—appears to be doing quite well.

Other criticisms: She hates other women, she's a slut, she sullied the name of Dave "Good Guy" Grohl... The vitriol against Love is endless. The truth is, Love is loathed for being a vocal, unapologetic woman. She is not silent about being a survivor of abuse, and speaks openly about her highly publicized addictions to heroin, pills and now English cheddar (which coincidentally has a similar enzyme to heroin). Of course she wants to be the girl with the most cake; Love only knows how to live in extremes. Which is what we pay our rock stars to do.

Some hate Love for having no filter, but parse old interviews and you'll find gobs of salient advice and deadly



one-liners—“Why cower from the corporate ogre when you can give it incurable syphilis?” she told NME. Who else has the cojones to crack wise about her own demise? She has “Let It Bleed” tattooed on her right arm.

Sorry, Courtney Love is not a blond ingenue who conned her way to fame and pelf. No, she hustled (literally, at a Times Square peep show in the '80s to pay the bills), and was almost burned at the stake after Cobain killed himself. She lived through that, and, trust me, she can live through this.

Most celebrities for whom “the human Enron” was the nicest thing said about them might attempt to expiate their tabloid sins by whoring on *Dancing With the Stars*. But Love is turning the hate inside out—by once again proving she’s talented, as a singing specter in the rock opera *Kansas City Choir Boy*, on-screen in *Sons of Anarchy* and beyond. She is giving everyone the finger as she simultaneously wraps us around her little one. Well played, Miss World.

01

## BLOWN BUBBLES

Beijing—An investor takes notes on July 6 as he watches a board showing stock prices at a brokerage office. China managed to halt a crash in stocks through massive state intervention, including stopping trading for a time, cutting interest rates, suspending initial public offerings and banning large shareholders from selling stock. Chinese stocks had soared in what analysts likened to the dot-com bubble before losing a third of their value in about four weeks. Beijing may have stemmed the losses, but the chaos has undermined confidence in its markets.





02

## UNFLAGGING SUPPORT

Columbia, South Carolina—People in the state Capitol watch as Confederate flag supporters gather on July 6 to protest a bill to remove the banner from the Statehouse. The murder of nine people in June at a historic African-American church in Charleston reignited controversy over the flag. After a 13-hour debate over whether to remove the Confederate symbol, which white lawmakers introduced to the grounds in the early 1960s, at the height of the anti-integration movement, lawmakers passed a resolution to no longer fly it in front of the Statehouse. Governor Nikki Haley signed the law and ordered the flag be moved to the state's Confederate Relic Room.





03

## GREECE LITE

Old San Juan, Puerto Rico—On July 13, the same day that Greece sealed a deal with its lenders in Europe, the U.S. territory of Puerto Rico started talks with international creditors after announcing that it was unable to pay \$72 billion in debt. Puerto Rico has been struggling with a recession since 2006, but it was able to continue borrowing large sums, partly because of an oddity in the U.S. tax code that made its bonds particularly attractive. Now it wants to restructure that debt, and it's seeking federal assistance, as well as a change to U.S. law to allow it to declare bankruptcy.



Matt McClain/The Washington Post/Getty



04

## SHOW OF HANDS

Sanaa, Yemen—Yemenis gathered outside the Saudi embassy to protest Saudi-led airstrikes that continued despite a U.N.-brokered humanitarian truce aimed at allowing much-needed supplies into the country, which has been under siege since March. More than 3,000 people have been killed in airstrikes and fighting between Houthi militias and forces loyal to the exiled government of President Abed Rabbo Mansour Hadi. Yemen's 21 million people have endured months of shortages of food, medicine, fuel and other vital supplies.

